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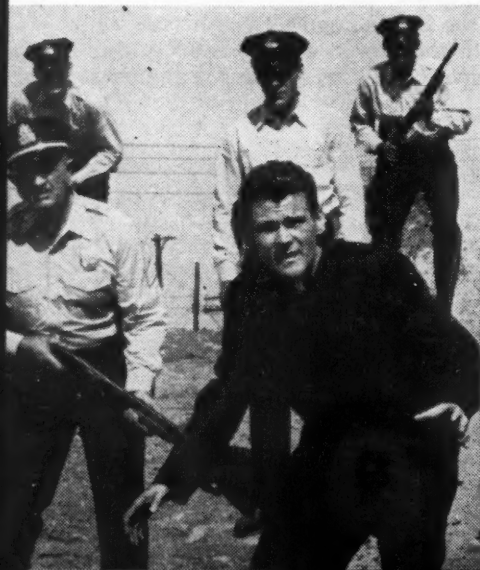
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By Kay Sullivan



Tony Curtis is about to commit a crime (tooth pulling without license) while Don Murray, below, tries to stop one.



Two Absorbing New Films Have True Life Backgrounds

A couple of semibiographical films currently are proving that truth can be vastly more entertaining than fiction on the screen. One traces the story of a priest who has spent 25 years befriending criminals; the other relates the incredible career of a young impostor who fancies himself a sort of latter-day Robin Hood.

The Great Impostor, a Universal-International release, is based on the fully documented exploits of one Ferdinand Waldo Demara, Jr., who has made a career out of assumed identities. Tony Curtis portrays the masquerader with great humor and agility, taking on such varied guises as ship's surgeon, a college professor, a Trappist monk, a state trooper, and a penologist. Karl Malden is outstanding as a parish priest who attempts to divert the impostor's impressive capabilities into more productive channels—to no avail. Also in the topnotch cast are Edmond O'Brien, Arthur O'Connell, Gary Merrill, and Raymond Massey.

While making a personal-appearance tour almost two years ago, actor Don Murray met Jesuit Father Charles Dismas Clark in St. Louis, Mo., and was so impressed with his rehabilitation work among convicts that he determined to bring the story to the screen with

himself playing the nationally-famous "hoodlum priest." A United Artists release, **The Hoodlum Priest** is an exciting film that should give many people a fresh viewpoint on prison life and prisoner rehabilitation. Father Clark, who has spent 25 years working with prisoners, acted as technical advisor on the movie, which was filmed entirely in St. Louis.

Walt Disney has come up with another delightful animated cartoon full-length feature. Called **One Hundred and One Dalmatians**, it concerns the improbable but amusing adventures of a songwriter, his bride, and their Dalmatian pets. Some 300 artists contributed their efforts to the film, and a new electronic process greatly enhances the color and movement of the drawings. A press release states that the 101 Dalmatian puppies wear a total of 6,469,952 spots. You may wish to count them!

THEATER

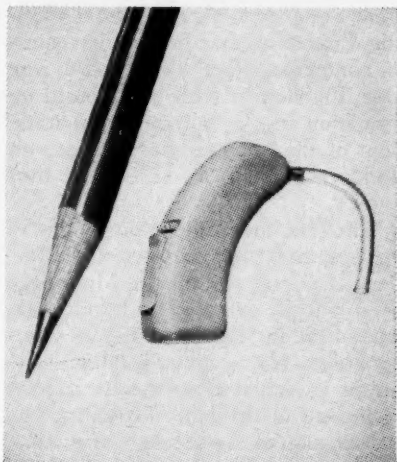
Aficionados of TV's *I Love Lucy* and *Sergeant Bilko* promise to keep the box-office lines moving along steadily for two new Broadway musical comedies.

In **Wildcat**, Lucille Ball proves once again that she is a human dynamo—prettier, livelier, and funnier than any dynamo has a right to be. She plays the part of a rambunctious lady prospector, out to strike oil in the Southwest of the 1920's, so she can help a crippled sister. One of the sweetest surprises of the whole show is Lucy's voice.

Do Re Mi, a zany comedy about the jukebox business, features comedian Phil Silvers in the role of a Walter Mitty-like chap who yearns to be a big success. He is uproariously funny.

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Two years of advance planning went into **Directions '61**, a new concept in religious television programs. The program, designed to express specific Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish viewpoints on contemporary problems and to provide TV viewers with background information in the doctrines and traditions of the three religions, is seen on Sundays from 1 to 1:30 P.M. over ABC-TV.

Thus far, the Catholic programs, developed under the auspices of the National Council of Catholic Men, have been varied and richly informative. They have included readings on saints by Helen Hayes, photographic essays on the parochial-school system and the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, and a discussion of the theology of work.

Coming up on Feb. 19 are photographs and a narration on Father Teilhard de Chardin, S.J., famous anthropologist, plus a discussion of life in

outer space by Father L. C. McHugh, S.J. On Feb. 26 there will be an exposition of Georges Rouault's *Miserere* series of paintings and a discussion of the Montessori method of teaching.

Editor-host for the Catholic segments of *Directions '61* is John Alcorn (below left), former Romance-language instructor at Harvard and Fulbright scholar who studied medieval French literature at the Sorbonne. TV writer of note and former co-producer of *Look Up and Live*, he is a producer for the Council of Catholic Men.

Dr. Frederick Mosteller, chairman of the department of statistics at Harvard university, is conducting **Continental Classroom's** new course on "Probability and Statistics." The course, which points up the growing dependence of many types of business on mathematics, is presented by NBC in cooperation with Learning Resources institute. It is carried on 171 NBC stations Monday through Friday from 6:30 to 7 A.M., and will run through May 26.

The **Bell Telephone Hour** will present its first original musical production *The Sounds of America* over NBC-TV, Friday evening, Feb. 17, an hour-long colorcast recreating distinctively American musical memories. Composer-conductor Gordon Jenkins wrote both words and music for this special hour, building his scenes around a storybook castle, a Western music hall, a river, and a typical small-town Main Street. To obtain the background settings at Disneyland, the show was produced on video tape and film over a period of six weeks during the hours Disneyland was closed to the public.





RECORDS

Comedienne Lucille Ball, above, is doing what comes naturally to most Broadway musical performers—recording the songs from her new show *Wildcat*.

Nowadays, almost as soon as the curtain rings down on a musical's opening night, orchestra and cast quickly assemble to record the score for posterity.

The popularity of "original-cast" albums has been growing steadily, sparked by what recording-industry heads declare is a two-edged demand. Those who see a certain show wish to listen to it again and reminisce; those who can't get theater tickets to a hit nonetheless like to hear it.

Among this season's best original-cast albums are *Wildcat* and *Do Re Mi*, both on the RCA Victor label; *Camelot*, a Columbia Masterwork; and *Tenderloin* and *The Unsinkable Molly Brown*, both by Capitol Records.

The latter two include even the souvenir program sold in the theater lobby in the album package, so a hi-fi player can really get the feeling of a front-row seat on Broadway.

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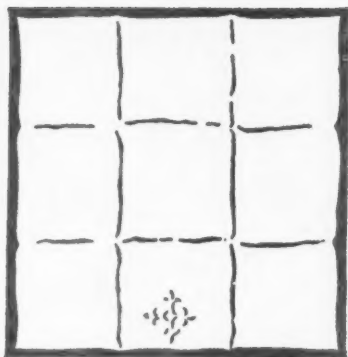
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By Romano Guardini
Condensed from "Sacred Signs"*

THE ALTAR is covered with a linen cloth. The corporal, which represents the winding sheet of Christ's Body and is laid under host and chalice, is made of linen. The priest's alb is of white linen. When the holy Bread is being distributed a linen cloth is used as covering for the Lord's table.

Good linen, strong-fibered and close-woven, is a costly material. It has the luster of fresh snow. Once when I came upon a patch of new-fallen snow lying among the spruce trees, I turned aside and took my heavy boots another way, out of sheer respect. It is a sign of respect that we cover holy things with linen.

We have a sense that it corresponds to something within ourselves. It is for this reason that linen

Linen

It is a sign of purity and strength



makes its strong appeal. When Mass is offered, the uppermost covering of the altar must be of linen. Only from a clean heart comes a right sacrifice. In the same measure as the heart is pure is the sacrifice pleasing to God.

Linen has much to teach us about the nature of purity. Genuine linen is an exquisite material. Purity is not the product of rude force or found in company with harsh manners. Its strength comes of its fineness. Its orderliness is gentle. But linen is also extremely strong; it is no gossamer web to flutter in every breeze. In real purity there is nothing of that sickly quality that flies from life and wraps itself up in unreal dreams and ideals out of its reach. It has the red cheeks of the man who is glad to be alive and the confident grip of the hard fighter.

And if we look a little further, it has still one thing more to say. It was not always so clean and fine as it now is.

The linen was, to begin with, unsightly stuff. To attain its present fragrant freshness, the linen had to

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be washed and rewashed, and then bleached.

Purity, you see, is not come by at the first. It is indeed a grace, and there are people who have so carried the gift in their souls that their whole nature has the strength and freshness of unsullied purity. But they are the exception. What is commonly called purity is no more than the doubtful good of not having been shaken by the temptations of life.

Real purity is attained not at the beginning but at the end of life, and achieved only by long and courageous effort.

So the linen on the altar in its fine white durableness stands to us both for exquisite cleanness of heart and for fibrous strength.

There is a place in St. John's Apocalypse where mention is made of "a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne clothed in white robes." And a voice asked, "Who are these and whence come they?"

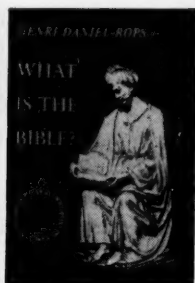
And the answer is then given: "These are they who are come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore they are before the throne of God, and they serve Him day and night."

"Let me be clothed, O Lord, in a white garment," is the priest's prayer while he is putting on the alb for the Sacrifice of the Mass.

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This Is the Holy Land

Review by Father Francis Beauchesne Thornton

THOSE OF YOU who have read *This Is the Mass* and *This Is Rome* will be delighted, as I was, to see the proofs of the latest conjunction of dazzling talents in *This Is the Holy Land*. Once again Bishop Sheen, Yousuf Karsh, and H. V. Morton have cooperated in producing a never-to-be-forgotten book.

The color prints, made through a new process, are absolutely amazing in their jewellike clarity. Sheer delight forces you to go back to them again and again; for like all fine works of art they are a continuing pleasure.

Bishop Sheen at prayer in the Garden of Olives, or speaking to a band of pilgrims from the loggia of the Church of the Beatitudes, or reading his Office in the courtyard of the Church of the Dormition, or holding a lamb tenderly in his arms as he gazes out over the blue Sea of Galilee—these are obviously some of the best. Yet when you look at others, such as that of a native fisherman with his hand net, you wonder which are best. The treasure of color is augmented with black-and-whites, 73 pictures in all.

Karsh has many splendid achieve-

ments to his credit, but here in the land of the heart, the Holy Land, he has risen to new heights of emotional and pictorial splendor.

To this visual mastery is added adequate verbal counterpoint. H. V. Morton, whose *Steps of the Master* is a Holy Land classic, has re-examined his old loves with fresh intuition.

Morton leads you through the places of our Lord's life with brilliant realism, from which Bishop Sheen points out thrilling lessons for our salvation.

Like all great projects, this one started simply with Bishop Sheen's desire to take his nephews, Jerry and Fulton Cunningham, on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

How well Morton matches the art of Karsh his own opening words can tell us.

"We saw a small airport upon an ageless landscape. A dusty road approached it and slipped away into the stony hills and the clumps of scarlet poppies. We noticed a transport plane whose markings proved that this land had attracted the attention of the United Nations.

"A group of Arabs, some wearing

long Biblical-looking robes, others in European suits, started up American cars and glanced speculatively towards the approaching passengers. A priest led his pilgrims to them, and upon every face could be read the bewilderment of those who in a few flying hours had exchanged the familiarity of home for the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan.

"O look!" cried both boys together. 'Camels!'

"And following their pointing fingers, we saw a file of those supercilious creatures undulating past the UN aircraft, forming for a brief moment a strange conjunction which linked the world of today with that of Abraham. Some miles away, upon a mountainous ridge, a gray city, the color of the stones and the rocks, treeless and uncompromising even at that distance, lifted its domes and towers to the sky.

"What's that?" the boys asked.

"That," replied the bishop, 'is Jerusalem.'

"So began another pilgrimage to the Holy Land."

It is your privilege to join the pilgrimage with all these noble gentlemen, great and small. In doing so, you will find the inner meaning of the way of the truth and the life. *This Is the Holy Land* is published by Hawthorne Books, Inc., at \$4.95 (but only \$2.95 to Catholic Digest Book Club members). To join the club write to: Catholic Digest Book Club, CD 13, 100 6th Ave., New York City 13.

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Oodles of Noodles in Hong Kong

By Elwood D. Baumann

*A resourceful missionary
solves a baffling problem
of supply and demand*

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE meant well, of course, but the 52 million pounds of milk powder, corn meal, and wheat flour shipped annually to Hong Kong did little to alleviate the suffering of the starving Chinese.

Many of the people lived in the streets and on rooftops. They were not familiar with milk powder or corn meal. The flour was good, but most of the refugees had no stoves, mixing bowls, or baking pans.

They were grateful but bewildered. Several sampled mouthfuls of corn meal or milk powder and found them unpalatable. What good was food if you couldn't eat it?

The more resourceful ones soon learned that the black market would give them a cup of rice or a few cents for their food packages. It wasn't much, but it was far better than nothing at all. Before long, warehouses of local merchants were stacked high with food parcels marked

ed "A Gift from the People of the United States."

Msgr. John Romaniello, M.M., director of Catholic Relief Services in Hong Kong, was distressed. Good food was being wasted while brave people starved and unscrupulous merchants grew wealthy. Day after day he wandered through the huge refugee resettlement areas searching for a solution to the problem. He couldn't condemn the people for selling their gifts on the black market. They simply did not know how to cook American foods.

One day he watched a skinny little Chinese girl trudging along with a bag of American flour clutched in her arms. He followed her and saw her enter a shop and hand the bag to a man. A moment later she emerged, carrying a much smaller parcel.

"What did you do with your flour?" he asked.

"Oh, I traded it off for a bag of noodles," the girl answered him proudly.

Noodles! Could this be the answer? The Chinese people like noodles, and noodles are both filling and nutritious. "If I can make noodles," thought Monsignor Romaniello, "I can stop this shameful waste of good food and defeat the black marketeers at the same time."

Excitedly he rushed over to his friend Father Howard Trube, who had a reputation as an amateur cook. "Is it possible to make noodles from corn meal, milk powder, and wheat flour?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, certainly," Father Trube assured him.

"How?"

"I don't know how. I just know it can be done. Leave it to me."

Knowing now that he had all the necessary ingredients for making noodles, Monsignor Romaniello called on Father Michael McKeirnan,

director of a Hong Kong mission school, and informed him of his plan.

"It's a fine idea, I'm sure, John," agreed Father McKeirnan, "but just how do I fit into the scheme of things?"

"I want to use your school for a factory."

Accustomed to the monsignor's bursts of enthusiasm for any new idea, Father McKeirnan laughed. "So you want me to turn out the children and start turning out noodles. Is that it?"

"No, no, no! The children can stay. We only want to use some of the space behind the school for our factory," explained Monsignor Romaniello.

"I suppose, then, that you will fill the factory with great clanking machines that will drown out the drone of my voice when I'm lecturing," Father McKeirnan teased.

Machines? Why, of course, you had to have machines to make noodles. The monsignor had never



seen a noodle-making machine, but he knew that there had to be such machines in Hong Kong. With Father McKeirnan in tow, he walked for hours through the congested streets looking for a noodle factory.

Late that afternoon, they passed a hut where a Chinese workman was laboriously cranking the handle of a noodle-making machine. The two priests stood in the doorway and stared unabashedly. They watched the man put a mixture of flour and water into a hopper. When he turned a crank the ingredients were forced through a slit in the bottom, coming out in a wide, thin sheet. A series of knives divided the sheet into long strings, which were cut into three-foot lengths. The final step was to take them out into the sun and hang them over a clothesline to dry.

"How many pounds of noodles can you make in a day?" asked the monsignor, entering the hut.

"On a sunny day I can make about 50 pounds," replied the workman. "During rainy weather I'm nearly out of business, because I can't get the noodles dry, and wet noodles get moldy."

It was obvious that a machine that made only 50 pounds of noodles a day was not going to be the answer to their problem. But this was an antiquated, hand-run machine. Perhaps it would be possible to improve the design and power it with a motor.

Day after day, Monsignor Romaniello and Father McKeirnan studied the machine while the old

Chinese cranked out noodles. Neither of the priests had any mechanical training, but that slight handicap didn't deter them. They made and discarded page after page of drawings. The proprietor laughingly shook his head at their persistent questions and gently admonished them for nibbling at his noodles while they worked.

After a month of study, they had what they considered a workable design. The manager of the Yoe On Hong ironworks assured them that the machine was practical, and agreed to build the first one at cost. Another hurdle had been overcome.

Meanwhile, Father Trube was having problems of his own. The wheat flour, corn meal, and milk powder refused to hold together. "I make the most beautiful noodle you've ever seen and then it crumbles into bits the minute it's dry," he complained to Father Romaniello.

It was not until the first noodle machine had been completed and six weeks of frustrating experimentation has passed that Father Trube found the right formula: 5% milk powder, 20% corn meal, and 75% wheat flour.

He immediately informed the monsignor, and the two men met at the factory behind Father McKeirnan's school. They started the electric motor on the noodle machine and put ten pounds of the mixture into the hopper. Out of the machine came soft, pliable sheets of dough which the knives sliced into long

strings of perfect noodles. The priests hung the noodles on the clothesline, and waited impatiently for the dough to dry.

Monsignor Romaniello broke the strings into 12-inch lengths. They snapped cleanly and evenly. Clutching noodles in both hands, he pranced joyously around the machine singing, "Noodles! I'm in the noodle business!"

One major hurdle still remained: money. Monsignor Romaniello began soliciting funds for his noodle operation from everyone he met. Tourists, businessmen, sailors, charitable organizations, and Hong Kong government officials all came to know the exuberant priest. Visitors to his office in the Man Yee building were immediately prevailed upon to buy a copy of his book *Bird of Sorrow*. "It costs only two and a half Hong Kong dollars, and that will buy a lot of noodles," he would say.

(*Bird of Sorrow* is the moving story of the communist occupation of Dragon Town, Kwangsi province, in South China, where Father Romaniello served for 22 years before being expelled by the Red army. The book is published by the Noodle Press and is dedicated to "Millions of Noodles for Millions of Refugees.")

By October, 1957, the monsignor was producing 500 pounds of noodles a day. They were packed in five-pound bags marked in English and Chinese, "Donated by the People of the United States." Assist-

ants went to the refugee resettlement areas each morning and handed out white cards to 100 people. In the afternoon, the cards could be exchanged for bags of noodles.

"It was really rough at first," Monsignor Romaniello recalls. "The people understood that we couldn't feed them all every day. The 100 with the white cards were always afraid that we would run out of noodles before we got to them, so they mobbed us.

"Remember that these people were starving. The Chinese are the most dignified and courteous nationality in the world, but it is hard to maintain standards of dignity and courtesy when you are starving and somebody is handing out food parcels."

Wise to the ways of the Chinese he loves so much, the monsignor insists that each recipient thank him for the food. He insists, too, that each accept his package with both hands. "That way," he explains, "they feel that it is a gift from their friends and not a mere handout."

"Romy's noodles," as they came to be called, were an instant success. Easy to cook and pleasant to eat, they were a great blessing for the refugees who worked long hours and lived in close quarters with little or no cooking space.

"You see, Father," a little refugee girl told the monsignor, "I'm the oldest child, so I have to take care of my brothers and sisters while my parents are working. The children

have to be fed every evening, and when I have noodles, it's easy for me. I just boil them until they're cooked and then put them in rice bowls, and we have a wonderful meal."

"We hated having to sell our food packages on the black market," another refugee told him, "but we live on the sidewalk and we didn't know what to do with those strange American foods."

The 100 refugees who received noodles every day were only a tiny fraction of the hungry people in Hong Kong. The city was already swollen with a million fugitives from Red China. They were still coming at the rate of 100,000 a year. Monsignor Romaniello knew that these resourceful, hard-working people would in time find ways of earning livings if they could survive the first few months. He vowed then that he would step up his efforts until he was distributing noodles to 10,000 refugees every day.

He persuaded the Hong Kong city government to give him land for factory sites, and arranged to have six factories financed through the U.S. refugee program. Wealthy Chinese donated funds for machines; the Yoe On Hong ironworks offered its facilities for making even larger machines. As the monsignor dashed about on his labor of love, he happily sang *The Noodle Song* (music and lyrics by John Romaniello). On the rare occasions when he took time off from his duties, he went out

to the golf course and played for ten pounds of noodles a hole.

"What I would really like to do," he told me one day recently, "is to have groups of tourists come out here and watch a noodle distribution. They could even give out the packages themselves, and see what the refugees are receiving from the American Foreign Aid program. Those who didn't make a voluntary contribution could be assessed a little for the trip out to the refugee resettlement areas," he added, grinning.

"Oh, come now, Father," I teased him. "That smacks of commercialism."

"Well, I don't care what it smacks of, if it brings in the noodles," was his reply.

His idea really has merit. Americans should know what their country is doing to feed the hordes of refugees from Red China. We are sending \$6 million worth of food to Hong Kong every year. If it had not been for Monsignor Romaniello, most of the food would have been channeled into the black market.

I went with Monsignor Romaniello one cool afternoon in November, 1960, to the sordid Shauiwan district to distribute noodles. Thousands of huts dotted the hillsides; sheds leaned against buildings in narrow lanes. "Home" meant any space large enough for sleeping room, and every corner was occupied. Six hundred people with white cards were lined up in an alley. "Here comes the noodle priest!" chil-

dren shouted happily when he arrived.

I helped distribute food parcels, and was deeply moved to see the hungry but proud people reach out eagerly for their five-pound bags. "That gentleman," Monsignor Romaniello said at one point, nodding toward a gray-haired patriarch, "used to be a millionaire businessman in Canton. Today he has to stand in food lines."

Less than an hour before, I had disgustedly thrown down a copy of the *Wall Street Journal* because the market was off for the third consecutive day.

Now I found myself handing out parcels of food to hungry men who had known much better days. I sud-

denly felt humble and ashamed. Soon I would be returning to my large, comfortable room in the Foreign Correspondents' club; many of these people would return to pieces of canvas on the sidewalk. For the first time in many long months, I stopped to count my blessings.

Father Romaniello has still not realized his ambition to distribute noodles to 10,000 refugees in Hong Kong every day. One reason is that he has been busy fulfilling his dream of "Millions of Noodles for Millions of Refugees" in Korea, Formosa, Singapore, Saigon, Macao, and the Philippines. But people who know him know that he will work at his project as long as he has enough breath to sing *The Noodle Song*.



POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE

The Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus were assembling in church after Mass to practice their participation in a forthcoming occasion. As we were leaving church after Mass, we saw some of the Sir Knights arriving in full dress, carrying their swords.

The voice of a small boy was heard, "Oh, mommy, may I stay and see them sword fight?"
Mrs. Maxwell Breithaupt.



The spaceship came gently to earth in the Congo, and the little green man climbed out. "Take me to your leader," he commanded the first inhabitant that he met.

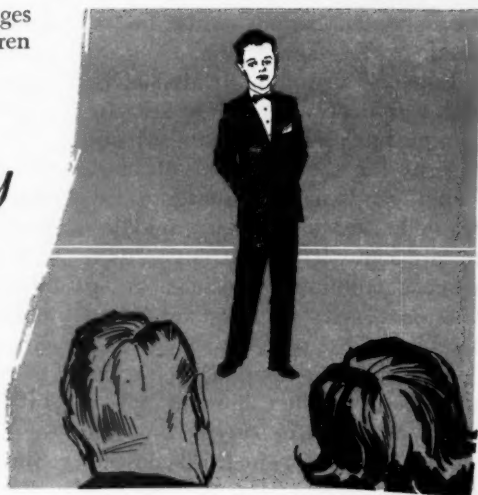
"Kasavubu, Mobutu, or Lumumba?" she inquired.

"Never mind that now," snapped the little green man. "I wish to be taken to your leader immediately! We can dance later."
M.M.

How a popular author encourages
love of literature in her children

Poetry Day at the Kerrs

By Frank Ford



Condensed from the
"Catholic Book Reporter"*

IT WAS A BLACK NIGHT in Larchmont when the power failed. Thinking of the high rates and low performance of suburban utilities, Jean Kerr ventured a wry quotation.

"When I consider how my light is spent," she intoned bitterly.

Her husband Walter flickered into sight as the lights began their half-hearted comeback.

"A lovely line," he said. "Whose is it?"

"That," she told me when I asked why she had started her poetry program, "was how it began. Poor Walter! I wouldn't let him forget for days that he couldn't identify a chestnut like the Milton sonnet. Walter

wasn't really properly abashed. His attitude was that he had read all kinds of poetry and read it frequently so that he didn't feel guilty about missing one poem. I maintained that a poem like *On His Blindness* is so basic any literate person should know it.

"Anyway, right or wrong, I made up my mind right then—that was a year ago—that our boys were going to learn the standard poems right now, at home. I didn't want the boys to grow up to be 'squares' without the love or the ear for poetry. I want them to know it while they are young."

*An interview with Jean Kerr by Frank Ford, the editor of the "Catholic Book Reporter," Penn Terminal Bldg., New York City 1. November-December, 1960. © 1960 by the Catholic Book Reporter, and reprinted with permission.

Jean's program was simple: every week Christopher, Colin, John, and Gilbert (Gregory was deferred on account of age—he's one) were each to be assigned a different poem to memorize for recitation on Sunday before a carefully solemn and intent pair of parents.

They started with the sensible old *Pocket Book of Verse*, quickly reduced to shreds and replaced a number of times. At first, 20 lines were considered a maximum length, but later such giants as *The Highwayman* and *The Walrus and the Carpenter* were mastered over a two-week period.

"It was awful at first," Jean recalled. "They were dead against the thing. They stammered and blushed. But it wasn't very long before the first faint flush of enjoyment began to set in and they started to react to their poems—each one differently."

"John is a natural performer. To a ten-year-old *The Highwayman* is terribly poignant. He brings a lot of intensity to it. One time he recited it for Walter Slezak, and I surprised a tear in the Slezak eye. He goes to town on musical verses, too. It's lovely to hear him ringing out the 'ting, tang, tong of the guitar' from Belloc's *Tarantella*.

"It's hard to believe that Col is his twin—Col's style is so different. His sober earnestness goes well with most poems but shows up defects in some old reliables. Scott's 'Breathes there a man . . . ' sounds fine until 'power and pelf' brings you up short. And

when he takes a fierce stance and pipes *Invictus*, all that stuff about his 'unconquerable soul' and his mastery of fate—well, Henley sounds pretty pompous and fatuous.

"Chris takes it quite seriously—I suppose it's more practical for him: he's 15 now, in his second year at Fordham Prep. The children hear each other before we hear them, but mostly it's Chris who checks them. He's a slave driver. He's wild about words of all kinds anyway, delights in them, never lets go of a pun (every evening he announces that he's going up to do his Homer-work). We explain all the words to them and Chris pounces on any substitutions."

Was any special sanction necessary to keep the boys working at it? Jean tilted her head and stared at the opposite wall. "Nothing special. The boys simply have to produce on Sunday and they know it. No recreation on that day until they do. They're fairly good about it. John, for one, was always articulate but now he spouts. Quotes all the time. And Chris has a flavor of the 'ham.' He returned from his summer apprenticeship at the Catholic repertory theater in Winooski full of professional jargon like 'What an impossible dress! The cyc was loose, we couldn't get the wagons in, and the baby spots shorted out.'"

Did Walter participate actively in the program? At first, Jean replied, he merely supplied half the audience, but now that they have worked their way through all the suitable

items in *Pocket Book*, he frequently chooses poems from his collection and types out copies for the boys, thus avoiding peanut-butter stains on his book bindings.

"The big thing," she said, when asked for a summary, "is patience and time. Oh, they can stumble haltingly through most selections after an hour's study, but if you want good results, you have to explain the poems carefully and give them several days—time to settle.

"We're broadening the program to include music now. Every Sunday an hour of a composer. Funny too—they take to the moderns at least as easily as they do to *Nutcracker* or even Mendelssohn. Dissonance doesn't require a bit of adjustment for children of their age. No, not exclusively classics—sometimes we'll play them the score of a Broadway show. I must admit, though, the only time any of them went to sleep on the music was with a show album.

"We're thinking of tackling painting next—if we can find really good reproductions. Maybe an informal approach—I don't know how yet. But the poetry has encouraged me: it really works on their imaginations, memories, vocabularies, speech. Besides," she smiled, "I used to be a poetry buff, and it's fun for me, re-learning the old poems."

A short while later I came upon the ten-year-old twins gravely examining some plastic dinosaurs that John had purchased with two weeks' allowance.

"You an amateur paleontologist?" was my heavy-handed opening gambit.

Col didn't blink or hesitate. "No. John is. It's his specialty, I just play at it sometimes."

"How about this poetry bit you boys have to do? Do you like it?"

"Well," the boys said, "not too much."

"Sometimes we use it at school," John conceded.

"It'd be OK if we got the poems earlier. We only get a lot of them the same day we have to recite," Col explained.

Apparently "time to settle" was, like many parental precepts, erratically observed by the parents.

Asked to name his favorite poem, Col voted for Masefield's *Sea Fever*. John declared for Chesterton's *Donkey*. "I really like Chesterton's *Christ Child* best, only I never can say it right," he added.

"Well," I continued, "now that you've had the poems a while, do you like poems better?"

"Kinda," said John, and Col nodded.

I left them scrutinizing the features of a pterodactyl.

Walter Kerr had emerged from his study when I took my leave of Jean. I asked him if he had any statement to make on his family's poetry program.

Walter smiled, "I'm learning a lot of poetry."

Jean laughed, "At least he now knows *On His Blindness*."

Anatomy of an Accident

By Donald John Giese
Condensed from "Columbia"*

*I*N THOSE LAST few seconds before you were smashed into unconsciousness these thoughts flashed through your mind. "Is this how it's going to end? Will Betty be able to take it? Who's going to look after her and the kids? How did this happen?"

A drizzling rain was falling, putting a soapy film on the glistening macadam of the bridge. Headlights of oncoming cars were blinding you. You wanted to get across the bridge quickly. Your foot pushed the accelerator. Then it all started to happen.

The driver of the car behind you says you swerved left across the center line, then veered sharply to the right, hitting the pyramid-shaped cement base of the light post head-on. He saw the caked mud under your car scatter on the road when you hit, saw the hood fly up, the glass shatter, the doors pop open. He heard the sickening sound of two tons of steel smashing into an immovable object at 40 miles an hour. He slammed on his brakes, got out, and ran to your car.

You were sprawled across the front seat. The only sound he heard was the hissing noise the water from your broken radiator made as it turned to

*What it feels like when
the traffic statistic is you*



steam on the hot engine. He was smart. He didn't try to move you. He ran back to his car, drove across the bridge to a phone booth, and called police.

"There's been a bad accident on the High Bridge," he told the police switchboard operator. "You'd better send an ambulance."

The operator picked up a pencil-like stylus and started writing on a metal sheet attached to his switchboard. In the next room the invisible

*Columbus Plaza, New Haven, Conn. August, 1960. © 1960, and reprinted with permission.

words he wrote were duplicated on a strip of paper in ink by a delicate, electrically operated pen that copied each movement of his hand. The police radio dispatcher looked up at the message: "Acc. w/inj. on High Bridge—1:28 A.M." His finger automatically jabbed a button near his radio microphone.

In the ambulance garage and in the police surgeon's office three floors below, a loud bell clanged five times. The ambulance driver got up from his chair, pulled on his jacket, pushed a button that opened the garage doors, and started walking to the ambulance. The police surgeon, rousing himself from a heavy sleep, pulled on his white cotton pants and coat, picked up his scuffed black bag, and walked into the garage.

The ambulance shot out onto the rain-slicked street. The driver was getting his instructions by radio from the police dispatcher. He expertly swung around traffic, intermittently pressing the siren switch with his left foot as he sped through intersections. The doctor looked out at the eerie reflections of the flashing red lights in darkened store windows as the ambulance raced by. The driver looked straight ahead. Neither spoke.

A little circle of people had gathered during the few minutes it took the ambulance to swing onto the bridge and pull to a stop near the wreckage of your car. Some of them were taking turns looking in at you. Some stared longer than others, but most turned away quickly.

"He must've been drunk," one scowling bystander muttered. "Boy, did you see the hole his head made in the windshield?" an excited teenager asked. "Do you think he's dead?" a trembling woman inquired. "Serves him right, driving fast on a night like this," an elderly woman remarked. "It's a good thing he hit the bridge instead of somebody else," another woman added. "I touched his pulse and couldn't feel anything," a youth in a leather jacket said. "I thought I heard him moan," a well-dressed man remarked. "If he's a Catholic, someone should call a priest," another onlooker suggested.

The doctor pushed his way through the people clustered around the open door of your car. You were lying lengthwise on the front seat, your feet hanging out the door. One shoe had come off. The doctor pushed the round end of his stethoscope under your shirt. Then he delicately lifted your eyelid and shone his flashlight in your face. Several bystanders gasped and turned away. Others strained for a better look.

The doctor turned to the ambulance driver. "He's pretty bad—we'd better hurry," he said. You were lifted out of the car and placed on a stretcher. The driver pulled the blanket up and tucked it around your face.

As the ambulance drove off, the passersby started walking back to their cars. Some drove off with more than usual caution. A policeman routed traffic around your crumpled

car. A tow truck, sent to the bridge by the police dispatcher, backed up to the wreckage and hooked on.

The ambulance sped toward the city hospital. The doctor rode beside you, his hand on your pulse. There was little he could do right now. Morphine wasn't necessary. In your deep unconsciousness you sensed no pain. Your body was automatically reacting to its injuries. You were sinking into deep shock and your vital processes were near the edge. Your heart pounded wildly. Your breathing grew slow and labored.

The police dispatcher's voice came over the radio. "We've had a telephone call saying that driver's been drinking. Do you want us to send the portable drunkometer out to the hospital?" The driver picked up the microphone from its cradle on the dashboard. "No. This guy's in no shape to blow up a balloon."

The ambulance swung into the hospital drive and backed slowly up to the emergency-room door. The police surgeon got out and went inside to notify the doctor in charge that you were there. The driver opened the wide rear door of the ambulance. An orderly came out to help him carry you in.

There was no perceptible air of urgency in the emergency department. No one was emotionally involved in you. You were just one of more than hundreds of accident victims brought to that hospital each year.

To the emergency-room doctors

and nurses you were a badly mangled body. They didn't know or much care to know how the accident happened, who you were, or where you came from. To them you were a human life to be saved.

The police surgeon talked briefly with the emergency-room doctor, signed a sheet indicating the time he had delivered you to the hospital, then went back to the ambulance. The driver had exchanged the blood-soaked blanket he'd wrapped you in for a fresh one and used a damp hospital towel to wipe the blood off the stretcher. Then he filled in his log sheet and started back to police headquarters.

Two orderlies lifted you onto a table in the brightly lit emergency room. One began cutting away your blood-soaked shirt. The other unfastened your belt and pulled off your trousers. A nurse fastened a blood-pressure cuff to your arm. Your blood pressure had dropped from your normal 120 over 70 to a point where the nurse could not obtain a reading. Your pulse was so rapid and weak she could not get an accurate count.

Another nurse went through your billfold, looking for medical information it might contain: whether you are diabetic, hemophiliac (a "bleeder"), or allergic to certain drugs. She glanced quickly at the pictures of your wife and children, your business and credit cards, and the other papers. She found evidence you were a Catholic and called the hospital

switchboard to get a priest. She then put everything in a large manila envelope.

An orderly worked on your face with large sterile pads, briskly wiping away clotted blood from the jagged wounds the broken windshield glass had made. He put his finger gently into your mouth and felt for bits of broken teeth.

The doctor came into the room and began his examination. "Let's start transfusing some glucose," he said, inserting a needle into the vein of your right arm. He took a sample of your blood and sent it to the laboratory. He would start a whole-blood transfusion as soon as the blood-type report came back. While he worked, the chaplain arrived. He had to keep out of the busy doctor's way while he gave you conditional absolution and the emergency form of Extreme Unction.

The doctor checked your breathing and suctioned clotted blood from your throat. Your left arm was bent in three places—at the elbow and wrist and at the point about four inches above the wrist where it was broken. He examined the large gaps in your lips where flesh had been torn away by jagged glass. Blood still flowed from the deep cuts on your chin and forehead. Your right ear was slashed.

You were wheeled to the X-ray department for the pictures that would help the surgeons do their work. X rays revealed that your skull was fractured, three right ribs broken,

and your spleen ruptured, apparently when you crashed against the steering wheel. You were bleeding internally.

As they wheeled you into surgery, three surgeons were waiting under the glaring operating-table lights. After a general anesthetic had been started, one surgeon worked on your lacerations, and another began opening the abdomen to do what they could about your ruptured spleen. They decided to set your broken arm later. They decided that your skull fracture, which was not severe, would heal itself in time.

You were on the operating table for nearly three hours. Blood transfusions had raised your blood pressure and stabilized your vital processes. The doctors felt hopeful that you would live, but they listed you in "critical" condition and ordered special nurses to remain by you in the recovery room and around the clock in your hospital room when you were moved there.

Minutes after you had been wheeled from the emergency room to the X-ray department, a nurse had called your home. Your wife answered, half-expecting to hear bad news, since it was 2 A.M. After she recovered from the shock of hearing about your accident she dressed hurriedly and called your parents. Fortunately, none of them would see you until you were lying neatly bandaged in your hospital room.

No one can measure the cost of your accident, for there are no stand-

ard units of pain. But considering the six weeks you will be in the hospital, the doctor bills, the loss of income, and the damage to your car, the cost in money will probably come close to \$6,000.

When you wake up in the strange hospital room that will be your home for many weeks, you won't know at first where you are or how you got

there. Then, slowly, those last few seconds before the blinding flash of the impact will come back. You may at first find it hard to believe you are still alive, but the pain will assure you that you are. Then you will try to force the memory of those last few minutes from your mind but, as you will soon discover, you will never quite be able to forget them.

PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT

Policeman Robert L. Gray of Washington, D.C., solved a robbery case and made everybody happy, including the fellow he caught. It happened like this.

The desk sergeant of the 7th precinct got a call from a mighty unhappy little boy, ten-year-old Kevin McDonnell. Kevin's beautiful new red-and-white Christmas bike, the first one he had ever owned, had been stolen. The sergeant sent Gray out to investigate. Kevin's mother said she thought the boy who took the bike was headed for Rock Creek park. Gray got there so fast he caught up with the boy, still wheeling his stolen treasure.

Taken to the station, the boy confessed. He had been longing for a bike for some years. "I didn't get nothing for the last three Christmases," he said.

Kevin and his mother also came down to the station and happily retrieved the bike. The small culprit was sent home in custody of his parents.

Policeman Gray went home. But he couldn't stop thinking about the case. His 12-year-old son had also received a new bike for Christmas, and the old one, outgrown, was down in the cellar. So Gray and his son polished the old bike, bought one new pedal for it, and touched up the rusty spots. Then they went to the home of the boy Gray had arrested and told the parents to have the lad report next morning to the station. The house was cold and bare, and the family obviously poor.

"He showed up first thing," Gray said. "When I offered him the bike, he started grinning so much all I could see was teeth. And all he could say was 'I like it.' Then he thanked me, and I talked to him a little about straightening up and no more stealing. If you could see his home and the way they have to live, you'd understand."

Phil Casey.

Condensed from the "Washington Post," Dec. 29, 1960. © 1960 by the Washington Post and Times Herald Co., and reprinted with permission.

[For original accounts of true incidents that illustrate the instinctive goodness of human nature, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

Brother Architect

A Franciscan is among the 2% of the American Institute of Architects honored with the title of Fellow



Brother Cajetan and his Singac, N.J., bell tower

By Robert Donner
Condensed from "The Sign"*

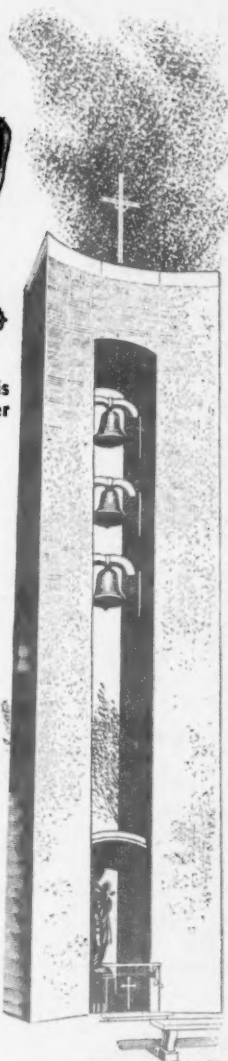
OF ALL THE ARTS, architecture is the most time-consuming, and therefore the most difficult to combine with any other activity. Yet a frail, white-haired man of 60 who is ranked among the leading architects of the U.S. is also a Franciscan Brother. He manages to carry on the two vocations in perfect harmony.

This architect-friar, Brother Cajetan J. B. Baumann, O.F.M., may seem to us, in this age of specialization, to be rather an oddity. Yet he is part of an ancient tradition.

"I am not unusual," Brother Cajetan says. "After all, many priests and Brothers have worked in art or architecture. Some of the most beautiful churches in America, the missions of the Southwest, were built by Franciscans. And even today a number of priests and Brothers are practicing architecture."

Brother Cajetan is the only Religious ever to be named a Fellow of the American Institute of Architects. The society honors only about 2% of its mem-

*Monastery Place, Union City, N.J. November, 1960. © 1960 by the Passionist Missions, Inc., and reprinted with permission.



bers in this way. He is considered within the profession to be one of the nation's outstanding church designers.

"In his style, use of new materials, and ideas on decoration," says a prominent fellow architect, "he has definitely raised the level of church building in this country." Pope John XXIII has also warmly commended Brother Cajetan.

Besides churches, Brother Cajetan's works include shrines, monasteries, rectories, schools, seminaries, hospitals, and retreat houses. These can be found throughout the U.S., though with a concentration in the East and the Midwest, as well as in South America and Canada. Among the most distinguished are St. Anthony's shrine in Boston, which incorporates three churches on three levels, Our Lady of the Angels church in Singac, N.J., the Seminary of Christ the King at St. Bonaventure, N.Y., St. Paul of the Cross church at Atlanta, Ga., the House of Theology at Centreville, Ohio, and the St. Pius X seminary, Garrison, N.Y.

He is working on a new church for the Greek Catholic St. Mary's in New York, a retreat house in West Palm Beach, Fla., and a seminary in Buffalo, N.Y. He is also a member of the international commission that has been working on restoration of the Basilica of Calvary and the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem.

Brother Cajetan lives at the Fran-

ciscan monastery on W. 31st St. in New York City. There he rises each morning at 5:30 with the rest of the Community, attends Mass and says his Office before boarding a subway for his office at the foot of Manhattan island. There, in the Office of Franciscan Art and Architecture, I chatted with him recently.

From his youth, he told me, he had been absorbed in architecture, design, and sculpture (a splendid wooden *Pietà* of his is one of the showpieces of the office), at the same time feeling a distinct call to the Religious life. He was born at Ravensburg in Southern Germany in 1899, was tutored by a well-known architect, and served in the German army during the 1st World War. The call to a Religious life reasserted itself then, and a year after the Armistice he joined the Franciscans at Fulda.

In 1925 he was sent to the U.S. For many years he taught woodworking and cabinetmaking at St. Bonaventure Brothers' school in Paterson, N.J. But gradually his talent for architecture became known to his superiors. In 1936, at the age of 37, he entered Columbia university. Four years later he received his Bachelor's degree in architecture, with second highest honors, and in 1943, his Master's.

He began practice as an apprentice in the office of the Robert J. Reiley Co. in New York. One of his assignments was to work on the plans for a Jewish synagogue.

Three years later Brother Cajetan

opened the Office of Franciscan Art and Architecture. The office, established under authority of the Franciscan minister general in Rome, was to make its services available to the provinces of the Order, to other Orders, and to the bishops of North and South America.

Brother Cajetan's first staff was composed of a secretary and a draftsman. Today he supervises eight licensed architects and a dozen draftsmen. All are laymen.

Insistence on the highest standards of professional competence is characteristic of Brother Cajetan. Even more characteristic is his belief that architecture is one of the most fundamental expressions of a people and of the age in which they live. Many persons, he told me, have a mistaken notion of tradition. They have an idea of beauty derived from the past, and they resist change. But tradition is really a set of lessons in solving problems. Each age is faced with its own problems and therefore has to achieve its own solutions. "This means that to be traditional is to be contemporary.

"Each period should contribute to its own true expression and be built honestly. For instance, the California missions were a complete departure from any other style. They came about from a sincere effort to combine Franciscan simplicity with the available materials and skills."

Brother Cajetan considers the chief problem facing today's builders to be that of constructing a church

as inexpensively as possible without reducing either its beauty or its utility. He is an advocate of small churches, simple in design.

Large churches tend to be bulky, cluttered, and impure in line, he says; small churches give the opportunity to achieve directness and simplicity of expression. "The primary essentials of a church—the altar, the candles, the crucifix, and the lights, steps, and walls—are in themselves outstanding in their simplicity. The return to that simplicity delights us as though we had just discovered it, for simplicity always conveys the grandeur of eternal truth."

Beyond this there is the question of money. Large churches are voracious consumers of building funds. "I cannot reconcile myself," Brother Cajetan says, "to building churches that put intolerable financial burdens on pastors and congregations." And he adds that today it doesn't make sense to saddle a parish with such a debt, since so many of the most beautiful modern materials are also the cheapest.

These materials—concrete, cast stone, steel, aluminum, and glass—are used by Brother Cajetan in a variety of ways for his buildings. He also uses wherever possible machine methods of construction so as to make unnecessary a great deal of costly and time-consuming hand labor. Many a pastor or building committee has had a pleasant surprise upon getting the bill for the beautiful new church or school that Broth-

er Cajetan has designed for them.

A major consideration in the design for the churches he creates is the question of the relationship of the structure to the liturgy. Brother Cajetan has always been a keen student of the liturgy, having made several trips to Germany to see at first hand the results of the Liturgical movement there. He thinks that in building a church "we must plan from the inside out, proceeding from the altar and building around the needs of the liturgy. Only then can we hope to express the true spirit for which a church is built."

He no longer has time to do sculpture himself, but he continues to teach and encourage craftsmen and artists to contribute their talents to the Church's need for beauty in its buildings. One of his innovations is use of "chunk" stained glass for

church windows. These are large, apparently misshapen pieces of pure unpainted glass which are placed in cement to form mosaiclike designs; the effect of light pouring through them is very striking.

When I asked Brother Cajetan what his personal favorite is among all the buildings he has created, he surprisingly cited none of the major structures which have gained him fame. Instead, he mentioned a private chapel he built a few years ago for Allan Shivers when the latter was governor of Texas. Shivers was not a Catholic, but his wife and children were, and Brother Cajetan built for them a small chapel of pure white stone. The plans for it so impressed a fellow architect that upon seeing them he exclaimed, "That is true architecture. So beautiful, I'd like to put my arm around it."



PEOPLED: Full-page-ad smile. *Joseph Dever* . . . Children boomeranging home from kindergarten. *Terry* . . . She always enters a room voice first. *Gus Garden*.

PICTURED: Wind browsing through an open book. *J. M. Conway* . . . Windshield wipers bowing and scraping. *Arthur Kearney* . . . Peach trees looking as though they were walking to a wedding. *Hal Boyle* . . . Limp as a

long-drowned cornflake. *Sister Ann Joachim, S. S. J.*

PUNNED: To have and to mould. *Clara Guinan* . . . Rock and rollers should be guitarred and feathered. *Al Hibbler* . . . When you drive don't gamble: the cars may be stacked against you. *Greg O'Rear* . . . Blonde afraid of the dark at the top of the hairs. *Bett Anderson*.

SOUNDED: Unlubricated shriek. *H. V. Morton* . . . The loudest sound known to man is the first rattle in a brand new car. *Earl Wilson* . . . The shot heard round the world came from a pediatrician's office. *E. Carlson*.

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$4 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Submissions cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]



IN HIGH SCHOOL, Bill Williams took an almost satanic delight in hurling insults at the Church. His Catholic schoolmates tolerated his tirades sadly and quietly.

One day, though, an argument grew really heated. Bill suggested that the question be taken first to the priest, and then to a local minister. They would find the latter's view the convincing one, he assured them. To his surprise, his friends accepted the challenge without batting an eye.

Arrived at the rectory, Bill was nervous; he had heard some fearful things about priests, he whispered. But he was soon put at ease, and found himself sitting on the edge of his chair as the priest stated the Catholic position on the problem at hand. When the group left an hour later, Bill, in a daze, told his friends there was no need to see the minister. He was honest.

A man of action, too. The next day he sheepishly told his friends that he had been to see the priest again, and was going to take instructions. It was only a matter of weeks when he became a Catholic. After serving a hitch in the Air Force he was planning to enter the seminary.

LeRoy Butcher.

WHEN MY FATHER was 19, early in 1876, he went from his home in Missouri to seek his fortune as a cattleman in the mountains of northern California. He settled near a small

frontier town; he traded at the only store, occasionally went to the only church (non-Catholic), and joined the only lodge, Masonic.

Four years later my mother's family, Catholics, moved from Pennsylvania to the same community. They marked one more thing: a priest passed through once a year, and offered Mass in one of the five Catholic homes.

Four years later, when the priest came, my father and mother were married. He gave up his lodge, but did not become a Catholic. Their family numbered two girls and seven boys. Mother taught us children our faith.

A measles epidemic struck. Everyone recovered but my 19-year-old sister. When the doctor said she had only a few days to live, father asked her if she had any requests. She said, "I wish it were June; I'd like to see Father Horgan."

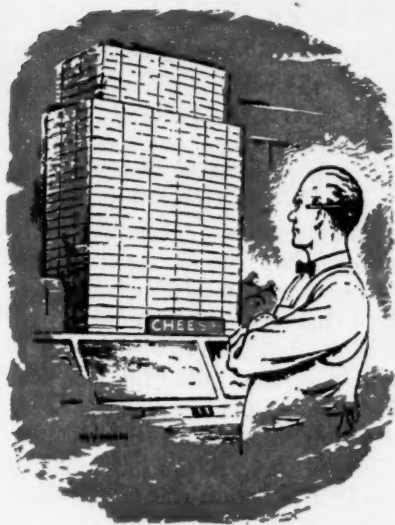
My dad set a telegram to Reno, Father Horgan's home, and he came as fast as he could—no planes, no cars, but he arrived in two days. He gave my sister the last sacraments, and the next morning she died.

A week later, my father and mother sat by the fire. He said, "Katie, you showed me how Catholics live; and Babe showed me how they die. I want to do likewise." He knew the catechism and prayers from hearing mother teach us; and he had often heard us recite the answers when mother was (purposely) very busy.

When Father Horgan came the next June, father was baptized. Eight years later another telegram went to Reno and the same good priest came the same 200 miles with the last sacraments for my father.

Mrs. B. K. Walls.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]



By Edmund G. Love
Condensed from
*"Arsenic and Red Tape"**

I ALMOST WENT into the grocery business in the spring of 1953. I had used practically all my money to get out of New York City; it took me as far as New Jersey. I made a resolution that the first job I found would become my career, whether it was dishwashing or paving streets.

As it happened, I passed a huge supermarket with a *Help Wanted* sign in the window. Within an hour I was a busy stock clerk in the dairy department. I looked ahead determinedly to the day when I'd be manager of my own supermarket. But I never achieved this ambition, and it was Oscar Burkhardt's fault.

"Don't fraternize with the customers"

There's Civil War in the Supermarket

Oscar was manager of the dairy department. He had been in the business for more than 30 years. He could taste a cheese and tell where it came from, and what the goats or cows had been eating for two weeks before they gave the milk that made it. He could pick out a double-yolked egg with a glance.

I must have been a patron of supermarkets for 20 years or so before I went to work in one. In that time it never occurred to me to wonder how the piles always seemed to replenish themselves. I never noticed that behind all that gleaming neatness a battle was in progress—a kind of civil war.

I soon discovered that every supermarket is a series of independent kingdoms. Oscar was king of the dairy department. He never ventured into the meat department, and he expected that the king of the meat department would stay away from

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our aisles. He guarded his territorial rights with vigor and courage. If someone from produce trundled a load of cabbages through our area, Oscar was likely to summon the crew of the produce department to repair the damage. One cabbage leaf on our floor brought the store manager around with an edict. The floor plan in our store was dictated not by what a customer might want to buy but by back-room access.

One of the big points of contention was the storage refrigerator. The dairy department, produce, meat and frozen foods all had to use it. I think of this battle as the Cold War.

The fight was complicated by the existence of premium contests. To get Oscar to push Little Pink oleo, for instance, the Little Pink people would give him a pair of nylon stockings with each carton he stocked. Oscar would order just as much Little Pink oleo as the refrigerator would hold. Sometimes he would order so much that it would encroach upon the produce section. When this happened, the produce people unceremoniously tossed the offending cartons out the back door. As troops for the dairy department, I would have to retrieve it, and we would plan a counterattack. The first carrot green that appeared on our side of the line would be grounds for my throwing five or six cases of carrots out into the back lot. At times, Oscar would invade the refrigerator with a tape measure and fight for every square inch.

The campaign that Oscar waged against the other department managers was fought on several fronts at once. While Oscar was fending off the meat department, for instance, he was defending himself in the rear against the salesmen. Salesmen really bothered him. Whenever the Little Pink man came around, it was necessary to have a nice prominent display of Little Pink oleo in the showcase. Otherwise, the Little Pink man was likely to complain—especially were he to find Supernut oleo prominently displayed. It made no difference to him that Supernut was giving away towels.

As a result of this situation, Oscar had to have a pretty good intelligence system. The minute the Little Pink man appeared in the store, Oscar would rush to the phone and notify the dairy manager at Madison that Little Pink was on the prowl. In return, if Little Pink came to Madison first, we would get the alert. The immediate procedure, in such cases, was for me to load all the Little Pink at hand onto a truck, trundle it out to the front of the store, pile it prominently in the case, and wait. The Little Pink man would come in, look around, beam, and pat Oscar on the back. The minute he had disappeared, Oscar would turn to me.

"Get that back under refrigeration and get the Supernut out here," he would say. "Supernut's due here in half an hour."

Sometimes, on especially busy days, I would spend eight hours

doing nothing but piling and unpling oleomargarine. Then I would go out to the refrigerator to find that someone had taken advantage of our preoccupation. I would then have to work an hour or two overtime throwing frozen peas out into the back lot or retrieving cases of eggs someone else had evicted.

The real enemy, however, was not the army of salesmen, or other department managers. The war that went on constantly was the one between Oscar and the customers. I hadn't been in the store for more than three days when I received my first orders about customers. As I was putting eggs in the showcase one evening, a lady walked up to me.

"I beg your pardon," she said to me. "Could you please tell me where I can find the baking powder?"

"Certainly," I said, and got to my feet to lead the way across the store. When I got back, I found Oscar waiting for me.

"Who was that?" he asked me.

"That was a customer," I told him. "She wanted to know where the baking powder was."

Oscar considered me for a moment.

"Look," he said to me, "you might just as well know it right now. You're hired to work for the dairy department. Just leave the customers alone. Don't fraternize."

"But supposing one asks me where the baking powder is? What do I do?"

"Tell her you don't know."

I soon discovered that not only was I not to have anything to do with the customers, but I was to study their ways so that I could outwit them. Each morning, I would wheel a truckload of milk out of the refrigerator and put it in the milk case. I would always find 30 or 40 quarts of yesterday's milk still there. I would carefully lift out the old cartons, pile in the new, and put the old milk back on top. It wasn't long before I learned to do it differently.

"The customers are pretty sneaky about milk," Oscar told me. "If you put the old milk on top like that, they'll move it over and take the fresh milk out from under it. They know the old milk is always on top. The thing to do is to put the old milk on the bottom so that they'll get it when they move the top row."

Every hour on the hour, either Oscar or I would go over and shuffle the milk cartons around like the man who manipulates the shells and peas, trying to put the gradually decreasing number of cartons of old milk in a position where someone would grab them by mistake.

Milk wasn't the only thing we shuffled around. All the old cream cheese had to be put down in the third or fourth layer because Oscar insisted that people were burrowing down there to get the fresh cheese. When I tried to point out that it was nonsense to believe that anyone could read and decipher the code markings, he insisted that it was not only possible, but probable.

"I wouldn't put anything past them," he told me.

One of Oscar's continuing peeves was the way the customers mussed up his piles. Oscar had several devices for getting even with them. The pile we had the most trouble with was always the cream cheese. It lends itself to disorder because it comes wrapped in slippery tin foil.

When an especially unruly group of customers disrupted this pile, Oscar would order me to pile cream cheese until he told me to stop. Sometimes the pile would get so high that I'd have to use a stepladder to reach the top. Naturally, this kept anyone from getting any cream cheese at all. Oscar would stand back across the aisle, contemplating the women's frustration.

When I first came to the store, I was convinced that Oscar was sadistic, but it wasn't long before I was almost converted to his point of view. One day when we had a high pile of cheese, a woman pulled a bar right out of the middle. The pile collapsed, of course, in a silver cascade on the floor.

"Do you see what I mean?" Oscar asked me while we were picking up the cheese. "A customer's always interfering."

"I see," I told him.

During most of the week, Oscar was on the defensive with the customers. He marched around the department repairing damage here and trying to anticipate the next move there. On one night a week, how-

ever, he took the offensive. Everybody descended on the store on Friday night. No matter how much merchandise you had on the shelf, the piles melted away. It was a rule in the store to let everything else go in order to restock the shelves during the melee.

Under Oscar's direction, however, we operated at what might be called a slowdown pace. Oscar would keep people waiting around for me to bring staples out. Customers would stand around for 15 minutes or half an hour trying to get a carton of eggs. They would argue with me and with each other. Sometimes they would try to grab the eggs out of each other's hands. Just when they were on the verge of breaking eggs over each other's heads, Oscar would wink at me and let me get a truckload of eggs from the refrigerator. Each Friday night, after the store was closed, he would sit out in the back room with a drink in his hand relishing the moment of triumph.

"We showed 'em, boy," he would say. "We showed 'em. Darn their hides."

I might have been at the store yet, or I might even have had my own dairy department, if it had not been for the shrimp cocktails. We got six shrimp cocktails from the Jumping Boy people every Friday morning through some deal that Oscar had made with the truck driver. They never seemed to sell, and week after week they kept coming in. They were packed in long-stemmed gob-

lets, which made them especially hard to pile. They teetered gently every time a heavy-footed person walked by. I took to tiptoeing.

One day I had finished the fourth layer and had cleverly hidden two more glasses behind the Ballard's biscuits, when a lady came in asking for shrimp cocktails. Oscar was out to lunch.

"We're having a benefit bridge tomorrow," she said, "and I think it would be just the thing to serve. I wonder if you have 68 of them."

"Are you kidding?" I said. "Sixty-eight?"

She nodded. It seemed to me that, under the circumstances, she could not be considered an enemy at all. I wheeled the 68 shrimp cocktails up to the check-out counter for her and stood there holding my breath while she paid off. It wasn't until that moment that I felt safe. With some jubilation, I followed her out to the car, wheeling the shopping cart before me. I was in the middle of this task when Oscar drove into the parking lot.

"I've told you once and I've told you 20 times not to have anything to

do with the customers," he said when we got back in the store. "I left you in charge of the dairy department and I come back to find you out lolling around in the parking lot with one."

"I had a customer for those shrimp cocktails," I said.

"You had a *customer*?" He threw up his hands. It was then that it began to dawn on me what I had done. As far as Oscar was concerned, I had joined the enemy. My suspicions were confirmed a moment later. When he came to the part of the showcase where the cocktails had been, he looked down in disbelief. His face became livid.

"You've gone and let that woman buy all the shrimp cocktails. What do we do if someone else wants them?"

I didn't really desert a business. I ran off a field of battle. There were just too many boxes of oleomargarine to pile and unpile, and I had no weapons to fight with. I didn't have any money to join the customers and no territory to join the other department managers, so I decided to go back to writing.



DOWN ON THE FARMING

After saving his money for years, a taxi driver realized his life's ambition and bought a small farm. But crop failures discouraged him and he returned to his old job.

"Driving a taxi again?" a friend asked. "I thought you were a farmer."

"You made the same mistake I did," he replied sadly.

Clarence Roeser.

The New Look in Newark

Completion of a great cathedral was an important vote of confidence in the city

By
Anne Mae Buckley



Sacred Heart Cathedral

THE SEE OF NEWARK, N. J., had waited for 83 of its 100 years for the opening of its own cathedral. The site had been acquired in 1871; the exterior was complete by 1923. Thereafter, the empty shell stood there, a specter haunting the Newark archdiocese.

Resumption of work on the cathedral in 1950 and its completion in time for the diocesan centennial in October, 1954, brought joy to the more than 1 million Catholics of the archdiocese. But their joy was shadowed by a dark cloud.

Although the Newark archdiocese, embracing four prosperous

counties of northern New Jersey, was thriving and populous, the see city itself appeared to be dying.

Catholics attending the formal opening of Sacred Heart cathedral cast an apprehensive eye on its deteriorating environs, once a fashionable neighborhood. One visitor went so far as to liken the \$10 million cathedral to a fresh flower pinned on a corpse.

Newark was no corpse—only an ailing patient. And many local “doctors” were confident that she could be cured. The cure began with a \$700 million redevelopment plan which included rehabilitation of 72

blighted acres. Newark has been, in the last decade, a leader among U. S. cities in the construction of low-rent housing. Redevelopment plans placed strong emphasis on middle and upper-income housing: \$421 million worth.

Soon Newark gained a new skyline, with skyscrapers built by Mutual Benefit Life and Prudential Insurance companies rivaling the soaring towers of the cathedral. The 17-story, 728-bed Martland Medical Center provided a buff brick crown for a mid-city hill.

Even the crowds at Broad and Market (125,000 pedestrians and 40,000 vehicles a day make it the third busiest corner in the U.S.) seemed to quicken their pace to match the new tempo.

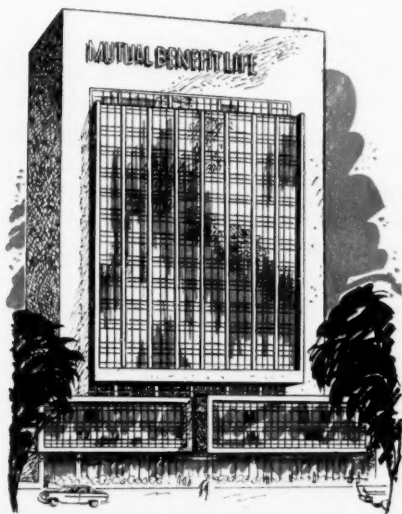
Newark's 13-mile water front,

with its new marine terminal, picked up. Port Newark reported 3,967,000 in waterborne tonnage in 1959, three times the 1958 total. The airport, first metropolitan airport in the country, did better than ever. In 1959 it served more than 151,000 planes and 3 million passengers.

What did Newark have to recommend it for thorough rejuvenation? In the first place, it is New Jersey's largest city and the third oldest major city in the U. S. Every working day its offices, shops, and factories are occupied by 1 million people. It is the mecca for more commuters than any other city in the nation, undergoing a daily 100% jump in population.

Newark is the hub of a 50-mile area that contains over 80% of New Jersey's population. It is serviced by six railroads, two superhighways, and a vast transit system (which includes a subway built for \$20 million in 1935 in the bed of the old Morris canal). Its truck terminal is the largest in the world.

Broad St., more than a mile of attractive commercial thoroughfare, is threaded at intervals by pretty, often historic, parks. Washington park is graced by Gustav Borglum's Pilgrim-and-Indian statue, J. Massey Rhind's George Washington, and Giuseppe Ciocchetti's Columbus. The park was colonial Newark's first common. Nearby is Plume House, the city's oldest house, where Ann Van Wageningen captured a Hessian soldier during the Revolutionary war.



New on the Skyline

Newark is the birthplace of novelist Stephen Crane and children's author Mary Mapes Dodge (*Hans Brinker; or, the Silver Skates*). Patent leather and malleable cast iron are among the many contributions of Newark inventors. The city has played host to Talleyrand and Tom Moore; Abraham Lincoln (whose Borglum statue in front of the Court House is considered second in excellence only to the statue in the Lincoln Memorial in Washington); and Washington Irving, who wrote his *Salmagundi* under the inspiration of evenings spent at the Kemble mansion.

Early in the 19th century, Newark, beckoning with her factories and her breweries, had become a haven for immigrants. The Irish and the Germans flocked to the city in the early and mid-1800's; then came Italians and Poles; then Jews from Russia and Poland.

Newark has a library with 1.8 million books, and a 50-year-old museum, one of the most important in the U. S., with a reputation for encouraging American artists. The city has urban centers of two universities: Rutgers, and the 103-year-old Seton Hall university, the oldest and larg-



Borglum's Lincoln Statue

est diocesan university in the country.

The completion of Sacred Heart cathedral could be regarded as the first important vote of confidence in Newark. The next break came in late 1954 when the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co. abandoned plans to move its home office out of the city. Instead, the company built a 20-story granite-and-glass skyscraper where a line of grubby old buildings had stood. Mutual said it had made its decision to stay in Newark because of a "new climate."

Early in 1953, the *Newark News* had brought together a group of leading citizens and touched off a drive for reform. The city shed her commission form of government and

adopted the mayor-council plan, with young Leo P. Carlin at the helm.

Mayor Carlin tightened budget controls, stabilized tax rates, and formed committees for housing, parking, and property improvement. He announced, "Our new charter marks a new era. It opens new horizons for Newarkers."

Stepping confidently into the new era was Archbishop Thomas A. Boland, acutely conscious of the need for high schools to accommodate the postwar baby crop. He scooped up Mutual Benefit's old building, a stately edifice, and made it a boys' high school, with a staff of Irish Christian Brothers and an ultimate capacity of 3,000 students.

(Last December, Archbishop Boland announced plans for a \$36 million construction program. The program will give the Newark archdiocese seven new high schools, four new homes for the aged, and a new seminary building.)

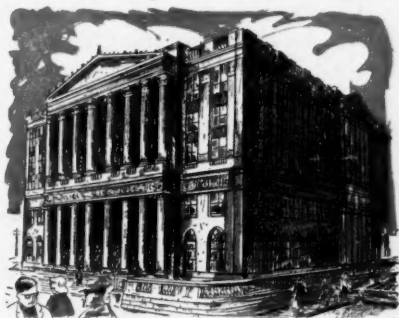
St. Michael's hospital, a nationally respected cardiac center, last year completed a new diagnostic, treatment, and research center. St. James, in the industrial section, is building a new 200-bed hospital.

Included in the city's redevelopment plan is a new ten-acre campus for the Newark division of Seton Hall university. This division includes the schools of law and nursing, the community college and foreign-culture institutes, all now crowded into two downtown build-

ings. The new campus will encompass Newark's oldest church, St. John's, built in 1827.

As early as 1672 there were Catholics in parts of New Jersey. They were Alsatian saltmakers, cared for by priests from New York. In 1759, Father Ferdinand Farmer, S.J., began periodic missionary rides throughout the state. Father Lawrence Graessl succeeded Father Farmer, and Father Leonard Neale continued the work until 1798, when he assumed the presidency of Georgetown college.

When St. John's church was be-



Essex Catholic High

gun in 1827, Newark also got her first priest, Father Gregory B. Paradow of New York. The city's first home-grown vocation was that of Father Daniel A. Durning. He was the son of Charles Durning, in whose house Mass had been celebrated before the church was built.

Newark had been founded in 1666 by 63 Puritans from the New Haven colony. The colonists negotiated with the Hackensack Indians

for a vast tract which now comprises all of Essex county and a little of Union county. They made the deal for "50 double hands of powder, 100 bars of lead, 20 axes, 20 coats, 10 guns, 20 pistols, 10 kettles, 10 swords, 4 blankets, 4 barrels of beer, 10 pairs of breeches, 50 knives, 20 hoes, 850 fathoms of wampum, 20 ankers of likuor, or something equivalent, and 10 troopers' coats."

The transaction rang with prophecy. Newark was later to house one of the country's largest breweries, and to become a leading manufacturer of tools and apparel.

The city was probably named in honor of a Protestant minister in the original group, Rev. Abraham Pier-son, who had been ordained at Newark-on-Trent, England.

Even before the Revolutionary war, Newark had enough industry to be linked to New York by roads and ferries, and enough potential as a cultural center to be the home of the College of New Jersey (later Princeton) from 1748 to 1756. During the war, Newark served as George Washington's supply base

during his retreat across New Jersey.

Newark had her own industrial revolution in 1790 when Moses Combs launched the shoe industry. Jewelry manufacturing followed in 1801, the first bank in 1804.

The demand for labor generated by industrial activity planted the seed of the Catholic community. In 1853 the Newark diocese was established. James Roosevelt Bayley (nephew of Mother Elizabeth Seton) was named its first bishop. There were then three Catholic churches in the city, 30 in the diocese, in addition to 14 mission stations.

The Irish came to work in the factories and to build the Morris canal, which in 1831 linked Newark with Pennsylvania. The Germans, who built the second Catholic church, St. Mary's, manned the breweries and made Newark a national center for German music.

During the Civil War, Newark made the hats and shoes worn by the Union army, and sent 10,000 men into battle. Weatherbeaten markers in St. Michael's cemetery



Illustrations by T. Barron.

still tell the stories of Civil War casualties.

From such beginnings the diocese built steadily. Each of Newark's bishops did something to advance a cathedral, but financial need slowed their efforts. Finally, Archbishop Thomas J. Walsh undertook completion of the cathedral, with the assistance of his young auxiliary, Bishop James A. McNulty (now Bishop of Paterson).

Among other projects directed by Archbishop Walsh was the Mount Carmel guild, dubbed "a model of Catholic Action" by Pope Pius XII. Today it gives its name to a network of charitable, social, and educational works, including rehabilitation of alcoholics and training of the blind, the deaf, and the mentally retarded.

In 1951 Archbishop Walsh founded the *Advocate*, Newark's first archdiocesan newspaper. Within a year it won a place among the Catholic Press association's top ten "newspapers of distinction." With a circulation of over 100,000, it is New Jer-

sey's largest weekly, 3rd largest newspaper. It has been a leader in the crusade against Sunday shopping.

Today, under Archbishop Boland, the Archdiocese of Newark has a population of 1,402,609 with 247 parishes and missions, 218 elementary schools, 52 high schools, a university, and two colleges.

Sacred Heart cathedral has been called the Western Hemisphere's finest example of French Gothic architecture. Its 211 jewel-toned stained-glass windows include three huge rose windows. The edifice is about the same size as Westminster Abbey. Its diagonal towers soar to 232 feet, dwarfing those of Notre-Dame de Paris by 28 feet.

The parapets of the building wear the green patina of age, but its inner parts are young and bright. Leaving the cathedral to descend into the heart of Newark, where the aroma of newness is ever in the air, a visitor is struck by the kinship between the cathedral and the city.



THE NATIVES ARE NOT RESTLESS

Mexicans, and Americans who live in Mexico, are annoyed by tourists from the U. S. who constantly refer to "the natives" in the land south of the Rio Grande. Not long ago, Bishop Alonso Escalante, M.M., listened patiently while fellow passengers on a northbound plane described a "native blouse" and "silverware made by the natives." When the plane put down at St. Louis, the bishop looked admiringly at the beautiful airport terminal building. Then he inquired, "Did the natives of St. Louis build this? How very clever your natives are!" Most of the other passengers laughed, but they seemed to get the point. J. M. M.

Retirement can be the time of your life

By Edith Stern
Condensed from
"This Week"*



Whatever your age, now is the time to plan for the day you leave the job for good

Your chances of enjoying a long and happy retirement are getting brighter every year. If you are between 40 and 50 you have a better than even chance of living almost as many years in the future as you have in the past.

That's all to the good. But as more people begin retiring, and retiring earlier, problems arise. And although government, business, and science can all make important contributions toward solving them, in the last analysis a happy and successful retirement is going to depend on *you*.

Few of us think about our retirement until it happens. By then it's likely to be too late to make effective plans. For a successful retirement you have to train for it. The steps you take and the plans you make from 40 on will decide the kind of

retirement you will eventually have.

What should you be doing *now*? Here are six steps you can take to make sure that your retirement will be satisfying.

1. *Build up your health.* To enjoy leisure you have to be fit. Get in the habit when you're fortyish of going at least once a year to your doctor for physical checkups. He can spot potential trouble early, when your body responds more readily to treatment and when you can better afford it.

The middle years are a good time to get your weight to where it should be. It shouldn't fluctuate much from now on. One way to improve both weight and health is to change your eating habits. By changing slowly you may find that without thinking about it you are going in more for

*485 Lexington Ave., New York City 17. Oct. 23, 1960. © 1960 by the United Newspapers Magazine Corp., and reprinted with permission.

lean broiled meats, fruits, and salads instead of bread and potatoes, for a cheese instead of a gooey dessert.

2. *Slow down gradually and begin to enjoy life.* Somewhere around 40, your body may begin to signal that you are slowing down. You can refuse to pay any attention, keep on mowing an acre of lawn, playing tennis singles, sitting in a freezing football stadium in a November storm—just as if you were still 25.

Or you can be sensible: you can hire the neighbor's boy to do the mowing, give up tennis or switch to doubles, stay home when the weather's bad and catch the game on TV. Pride keeps too many people from changing the strenuous patterns of youth.

There's no fixed time for you to start changing. It should be a gradual process, for different parts of the body age at different rates. At 75 your heart may be young, your legs old. Only you can decide when and where to slow down.

3. *Start now to discover new abilities, hobbies, and interests.* After retirement you'll have either a lessened job interest or none at all. You won't have any children to worry about. You'll have to deal with a sudden excess of leisure.

Therefore, you will need new interests. Don't fool yourself; these cannot be developed overnight. Unless you already have acquired the background that goes with an absorbing hobby, you are likely to find it difficult to begin later on.

Don't let yourself be trapped into entering retirement with no skills or interests aside from those with which you earned your living. Get help from a librarian or club; explore friends' hobbies; ask yourself what field you'd like to become a real expert on.

Whatever you learn now will provide a possible interest in the future. A course in woodworking may lead to a pleasant hobby or even a profitable sideline. A child-care class may start you on a brand-new career as a baby sitter. The retirement years are a time for indulging your own pet enthusiasms.

4. *Start now to finance your retirement.* Your income is almost certain to decline when you stop working at a steady job. But the drop doesn't have to come as a jolt, if you anticipate it with some sensible figuring ahead of time.

Put down on paper what you will have, along with what you think you'll need to spend. List your assets and your liabilities. Include among assets your Social Security income and the pension you expect to get.

Are your assets enough greater than your liabilities to provide you with the yearly income you will need for your retirement? If not, you should begin a stiff program to increase your savings.

Also, examine your insurance. Do you have an endowment policy which could provide you with cash? Are you carrying more life insurance than you now need? Should you be

buying annuities instead? If you do not have medical and hospital insurance, get it now. Experts call it a good investment, and it is harder to get that kind of coverage after 65.

A great many "retired" people take part-time jobs to supplement their Social Security income. You should consider, too, whether one of those "interests" that you learned in middle age can be made to pay.

You might continue your previous work, only on a smaller scale. I talked with one retired man who started a diner. Previously, he had run a large restaurant in Philadelphia. Now he was not only making money, but enjoying himself. He felt needed. "Why, if I'm not around," he told me, "customers call to ask, 'Where is he?' It was never like this in my old place in Philadelphia!"

5. *Begin deciding now where you will live when you retire.* Your present home may satisfy you now, but how will you feel about it later on?

Is it too big for you to manage? Does it have steep stairs which someday might be hard to climb? Will it cost too much to maintain on a retirement income? Will you feel out of place in your present community when you are no longer working?

If your answer is Yes to any of these questions, you should start thinking now about making a move. Many people use their vacations to

do "retirement exploring." If you think you would like to live in a warm climate, you may like to investigate the new planned communities in the South. Although residents are all ages, these new towns have special provisions for the elderly, providing recreation centers, hobby groups, and planned community activities.

6. *Develop the habit of making friends.* Now is the time to branch out, for inevitably your circle of old friends will diminish. Investigate the opportunities for forming new friendships at church, community centers, or "golden-age" clubs.

A white-haired lady once gave me proof of how easy it is for older persons to make young friends, when she told me about a surprise party she had given for an airline stewardess.

"We like each other," she explained. She had never thought about the disparity in their ages, and neither had the stewardess.

This six-step training program for retirement will help you take stock of your health, the pace of your life, your interests, finances, home, and friendships. It will help you begin a new part of your life that is going to be devoted to living rather than working. It can be more serene, satisfying, and maybe even more fun than the first 50 years!



Overheard in a crowd coming out of a theater: "That movie wasn't released. It escaped." Maurice Seitter.

Exploring 'Inner Space'

We've just begun to probe the secrets of Davy Jones' locker

SCIENTISTS recently lowered a hydrophone into deep waters off Puerto Rico. The hydrophone is a microphonelike device that enables oceanographers to "listen in" on life in the ocean depths. The men settled down at their instruments for a routine listening session.

Suddenly they were astonished to hear the sound of a ship's screw turning at 100 to 180 revolutions per minute. No ships or submarines had been reported in the area. The screw on their own ship was at a standstill. They radioed other shipping for miles around, requesting that each skipper shut off his engines for a brief period so that they could listen more closely to the strange noise.

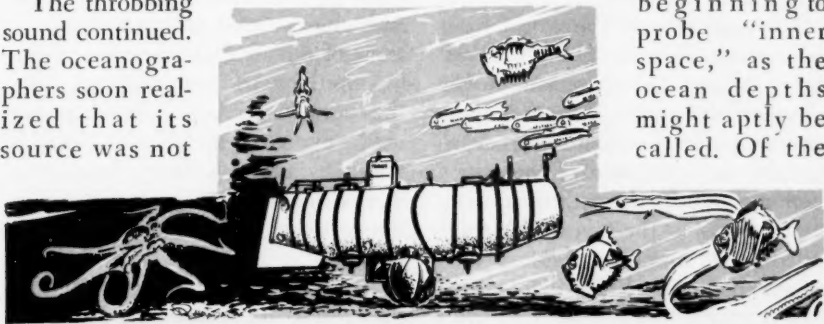
The throbbing sound continued. The oceanographers soon realized that its source was not

stationary; it was moving about as if maneuvering. They made rapid measurements.

The result astounded the scientists. The sound was coming from something lurking at a fantastic depth of more than 30,000 feet. They checked and rechecked the figures and continued to track the "thing" for several days. Finally, they concluded that the sound could only be made by some kind of unknown marine creature. They nicknamed it "the 180 rpm animal."

Incidents like that remind us that the largest part of the earth, the ocean, remains a world of mystery. While astronauts prepare to probe outer space, other explorers are just

beginning to probe "inner space," as the ocean depths might aptly be called. Of the



\$1.7 billion budgeted by the federal government last year for research in antisubmarine warfare, a considerable amount is being spent merely to increase our knowledge of the sea.

North America is protected from a sneak airborne attack by a network of radar units and a fantastic communications system called the North American Air Defense Command, with alert headquarters at Colorado Springs, Colo. But airplanes and rockets travel far above the oceans. Since submarines are much harder to detect and identify, oceanographers are working at full speed to develop underwater surveillance.

Oceanography began on a small scale among the ancient Phoenicians, Greeks, Romans, and Arabians. It was confined chiefly to charting the geography of the oceans. The first really systematic collection of oceanographic data was undertaken by a young American naval officer, Matthew Fontaine Maury, who died in 1873. He pored through logs of ocean-going vessels of his day, gathering all possible information about depths and currents.

A voyage around the world from 1872 until 1876 by *H.M.S. Challenger*, under the direction of Sir Wyville Thompson, was an important step in the establishing of oceanography as a science. There have been many other expeditions since then, including the German *Meteor* (1925-1927) and the American *Carnegie* expedition (1927-1929).

Seventy-one per cent of the earth's

surface is covered by oceans: about 33% by the Pacific, 16% by the Atlantic, 14% by the Indian ocean, and 8% by the adjacent seas. In the ocean are canyons thousands of feet deep and seamounts thousands of feet high.

One such massive seamount was discovered in December, 1959. It rises 15,980 feet from the bottom of the South Atlantic about 550 miles west of the Cape of Good Hope. The uppermost point is 120 feet below the surface.

Sound, the best means yet discovered for taking measurements over long ranges under the sea, travels much faster in water than in air—about five times faster. It travels farther, too.

Strange things happen to sound in water. Temperature differences in the sea can cause sound waves to bounce in crazy, unpredictable directions. Only lower frequencies can be heard for long distances beneath the cover of inner space.

Douglas Aircraft Corp. has turned its attention to the ocean. The *Pacific Surveyor*, a modified navy submarine chaser fitted with an elaborate array of scientific instruments, is being used by the company to probe the ocean's secrets. The ship has made five voyages with 23 Douglas scientists aboard. They have conducted tests off the coast of California in water more than 12,000 feet deep.

"The *Pacific Surveyor* is a floating data-collecting station," says Angus

Jacks, antisubmarine program coordinator for Douglas Aircraft. "Its sole purpose is to find out electronically the facts of the underwater world."

The scientists' hydrophones pick up both high and low frequencies inaudible to the human ear. Data collected from the hydrophones is fed into tape recorders for future analysis.

A navy submarine sometimes assists the *Surveyor* oceanographers. The sub acts as a sounding board to produce echoes from depth charges fired by the scientists, or it originates a variety of its own sounds for them to track and study.

"Information gathered from these operations is of paramount importance in answering the two questions that have plagued the navy since submarines were invented: is it a sub and, if so, is it ours?" the Douglas scientist says.

The so-called silent ocean depths are anything but silent, oceanographers have discovered. Scientists aboard the *Surveyor* not long ago were busily adjusting their hydrophones, which were dangling in the dark waters thousands of feet below the ship. Suddenly a sharp crunching sound boomed over the hydrophone. The scientists looked at one another in bewilderment. After much analysis, they agreed upon a solution: a hungry whale must be gnawing at the instrument.

Oceanographers have learned to recognize the squealing noise, simi-

lar to a seagull's whistle, made by a playful porpoise. The highly intelligent, talkative creatures can completely disrupt a hydrophone-listening session, especially when a whole school of porpoises begins to swim around the ship.

Attempts to outrun a porpoise herd soon prove futile. A porpoise can swim as fast as 30 knots.

It has been found that a porpoise has a highly refined, built-in navigational "sonar" which sends and receives frequencies of 30 to 85 kilocycles, so far above the audible range for human beings that special tape must be used to record the "sonar bursts." The oceanographers plan to study the porpoise under controlled conditions. They think they may learn secrets of underwater navigation and communications that nature has known since time began.

Noises from a school of shrimp sound like the clacking of women's high-heel shoes on flagstone. Drumfish drone in a monotonous medium pitch. The scientists hear unearthly moans; wild, shattering screams; mournful ghostly howls from the dark waters. They also hear mysterious rumblings, bubblings, and vicious cracking sounds which might make a novice think that the ocean bottom was tearing itself apart. Such sounds are heard against a background of steady "street noises," which have been compared to the sounds of a meadow on a sunny afternoon.

Continued study of the oceans is

giving us a new picture of the earth. For centuries geologists have thought that the earth was slowly contracting as its outer crust cooled. Now they are not so sure, mainly because of the recent discovery of a 40,000-mile long undersea mountain range circling the globe, with a deep fissure down its center. Many earthquakes originate in this fissure or canyon, scientists now think. The well-known San Andreas fault, which runs the length of California, is an extension of the gigantic canyon.

Scientists had long disagreed as to

the exact depth of the ocean in the deepest spot, located in the Marianas trench of the Pacific about 250 miles southwest of Guam. On Jan. 7, 1960, Navy Lt. Donald Walsh and Jacques Piccard descended in a navy bathyscaphe, the *Trieste*, to a depth of 24,000 feet. They didn't reach bottom.

Sixteen days later, they tried again. After this descent, textbooks had to be rewritten. The two explorers brought the *Trieste* to rest in sticky blue mud at a record depth of 37,800 feet.

In Our Parish

In our parish, a mission in Idaho, I was collecting children to drive them to catechism class, when I came upon a girl arguing loftily with her little three-year-old brother. "No, Fatty," she said, "you aren't big enough to come. You don't even know your prayers."

Fatty was furious. "You ole smarty!" he shouted. "I do too know my prayers!" He snatched up a handful of rocks and started reciting. "Hail Mary, full of grace!" he shouted, and a rock whistled past his sister. "The Lord is with thee . . ." and another rock. We drove swiftly away, but I heard him still shouting, "Holy Mary!" as the last rock bounced off my rear bumper.

Mrs. May Gumm.

*

In our parish, I was putting my little 1st-grader to bed when she surprised me by deliberately tossing her shoes way under the bed.

She looked at me and said, "That's what Sister told us to do. She says if we throw our shoes under the bed then we'll have to kneel down to get them in the morning, and then we'll remember to say our morning prayers." It seemed such a good idea, I'm doing it now, too.

Mrs. Richard Rodriguez.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$20 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]



Hungary Remembers

By George Bailey
*Condensed from the "Reporter"**

*The dreams of the 1956
revolution still live*

ALTHOUGH the Soviet Union crushed the Hungarian revolution physically, it could not crush the spirit of 1956. The revolution is still a national obsession.

"Would you like to see the monument to the insurgents?" a young woman asked me in Budapest. In answer to my incredulous look she took me to Heroes' Square and pointed to what appeared to be a massive red and brown stone pedestal. For a moment I did not recognize the site.

"Is that the monument?" I asked. "Oh, it's not what you see, it's what you don't see that counts," she answered. "This monument was not erected; it was torn down. Here is where the gigantic statue of Stalin stood. We overthrew Stalin in Hun-

gary and left nothing but his boots. And since the communists could not fill his boots, they took even them away. It's a beautiful monument!"

As a result of the revolution, the Soviets have had to allow for and even cater to the Hungarianness of the Hungarians. In the long run, this may well prove to be a fatal concession. Culturally, the chief characteristic of the Hungarians is a consuming passion for excellence.

This passion takes the specific direction of modernism. Everything, ideally, not only has to be the best; it also has to be the latest. To achieve excellence and modernity, no effort

*660 Madison Ave., New York City 21. Nov. 24, 1960. © 1960 by The Reporter Magazine Co., and reprinted with permission.

or expense has ever been spared. As soon as elevators were invented, one was installed in every three-story building in Budapest. Prewar Budapest was an architectural jewel, facets of which still resemble Paris, Vienna, and Florence.

Prewar Budapest was also the world capital of music, with Bartók and Kodály for serious music and Lehár and Kálmán for light opera. It was a fashion center of Europe. Hungarian literature, although extraordinarily rich and varied, has always been handicapped by the outlandishness of the national tongue, a fact which prevented its finding translators of genius. Nevertheless, Ferenc Molnár became one of the world's foremost playwrights.

It is their passion for the modern that binds the Hungarians most strongly to the West. Theoretically, if the Soviet Union were to outstrip the West in the arts and in technology, the Hungarians would automatically turn East. But the West has no cause for fear: "The belles-lettres produced in Hungary since the communists took over can be counted on one hand," says the writer Peter Veres.

Since the revolution the government has made a considerable effort—backed by heavy Soviet subsidies and abetted by a radical readjustment of production priorities—to improve the material welfare of the people. Something very like a crash program in housing construction has been in progress since mid-1957. The

results are already substantial and in good taste, in stark contrast with Stalinvaros (Stalin City), a new socialist town which was, as a communist functionary in Budapest put it, "unfortunately constructed before 1956." Stalin City features the notorious "penitentiary style" of architecture, bearing a strong resemblance to San Quentin.

Food in Hungary today is good and plentiful, although a pork shortage is threatening; provincial newspapers often report court actions brought against farmers for slaughtering their sows to thwart collectivization. There is also a good deal of money in circulation. The average worker's wage is about \$100 a month, and some skilled workers make as much as \$200 a month, an average not far below the Austrian equivalent. As is almost always the case in communist countries, professionals and artisans add considerably to their regular wages by serving a private clientele on their own time.

The baffled regime admits, however, that the increase in the standard of living has brought with it not the slightest gratitude from the people. It is attributed solely to the revolution, and credit for it is reserved exclusively and passionately to the insurgents of 1956.

In any case, material improvements are no compensation for prerogatives that continue to be withheld. The loss of freedom of movement outside Hungary, specifically to Austria and the West, is a depri-

vation bitterly felt by the Hungarians. A current anecdote has it that a worker rushed home to tell his wife that they would soon be able to travel to the moon. "Yes," she answers, "but when will we be able to travel to Vienna?"

Traditionally, nobody can whoop it up like a Hungarian. But under communism the Hungarians take their pleasures absently and sadly. Hungarians are compulsive dancers, but today dancing serves another purpose: it is a way of working off the load of national frustration. There is no gaiety, and few attempts are made to counterfeit it. The pall is omnipresent.

Life in Hungary is at least equally unpleasant for the 250,000 communists. We visited a collective farm, called a "cooperative farm" since the revolution, at Makó, a small town near the Yugoslav border. "We are not sending you to a showplace," said the functionary in Budapest, "just an average cooperative—not the best and not the worst." (We had hardly arrived when we were informed by the farm chairman that the Makó collective had won the All-Hungarian cooperative farm prize for 1959.) Our hosts were the chairman and the secretary.

The farm was a model. We were shown the dairy stables, pig yards, melon and garlic fields, and a peach orchard. The animals were in excellent condition. The living quarters of the farm workers were fair enough by rural Hungarian standards. But

the workers were emphatically sullen—particularly in their relationship with the chairman and secretary, both of whom tried hard to give the impression that they were on the best of terms with the workers.

On the walls of the collective's assembly hall were ten large portraits of communist functionaries, among them a woman and a young man in uniform. Under each portrait were the dates of birth and death. In every case the date of death was October, 1956. Most of the victims had been under 30 years of age; only one was more than 40.

"Martyrs," said the secretary as we passed by.

"All from this town?" I asked.

"All from this town," he answered.

We were invited to dinner in what must have been the largest public restaurant in town, complete with gypsy orchestra. It developed that only the secretary was actually dining with us. The chairman and his wife, who had joined us, explained that they had already had dinner. When the chairman could possibly have had dinner was a mystery: he had been with us constantly since five o'clock. My wife and I ordered and were served within ten minutes. The secretary, who ordered when we did, was served almost an hour later.

As the evening wore on, it became clear that our hosts were being demonstratively cut by everyone in the restaurant. The young men and women at neighboring tables stared daggers at us.

The chairman and the secretary were fairly well indoctrinated but poorly informed. They made a great point of Cuba. Hadn't the American government sent a plane to bomb Havana?

"Do you," I asked, "honestly think that the U.S. government sent a plane to bomb Havana?"

"Yes," they said.

"Then I will ask you the same question again," I said, and I did.

There was a brief silence. Both the chairman and the secretary looked down at the floor, then looked up with a sheepish grin. "No," they said. "No, of course not."

Later, when I entered the restaurant washroom, a young man fairly jumped in behind me. "The whole town knows you're here!" he almost shouted. "Are you really an American? What are you doing with these people? Don't you know that you are being used?" And he was gone.

The communists in Hungary are cut, spurned, and derided in a universal *sotto voce* hostility. The solidarity of the general public in this regard is truly astonishing. "Is the office manager a communist?" "No, he is a Hungarian." "Can I talk openly with the superintendent?" "No, he's a communist."

"There are nominal communists who are actually Hungarians," someone explained to me, "just as there are so-called Hungarians who are communists. But you cannot in fact be a Hungarian *and* a communist."

The Hungarian talent for self-

deception is exercised to preserve some peace of mind, if not sanity itself. The infamous AVH, the secret police, has not disappeared, as some Hungarians would like to think; it has merely been reorganized and renamed. It is as effective as ever.

The communist regime in Hungary still rests squarely on naked terror (much of it "retroactive"). Early last year an official Hungarian spokesman, László Gyáros, admitted to a Reuters correspondent that the government was still executing former insurgents and would continue to do so "until the last of the insurgent leaders has been liquidated." For his frankness Gyáros was transferred and his post abolished.

The executions continue. Currently there is a good deal of talk in Budapest of a certain cemetery in the city "where there are many unmarked graves, and some of them are fresh; there will be more."

Seldom is an attempt made to hoodwink a foreigner. "The only ruler of Hungary," exclaimed a 19-year-old student in Budapest, "is General Kazakov (the commander of the Soviet occupation troops in Hungary), and Kádár is his prophet—but that is all that Kádár is." The Kádár regime is sometimes referred to by Hungarians as the "subgovernment." The general attitude toward the "subgovernment" is somewhat ambivalent, as befits the situation of the regime: "Why knock off Kádár, anyway? We'd only get somebody worse in his place."

In internal affairs, the "subgovernment" acts as buffer between the Soviet administration and the people. This is its most thankful role. Except in the dozen garrison towns or towns near airports, it is possible to live in Hungary and even in Budapest for weeks on end and never see a Russian.

By contrast, it is impossible to travel any distance without meeting Soviet military convoys on the highways. But there is a community of interest between the government and the people when the preservation of national identity becomes a primary consideration. Many "subgovernment" officials are not communists, many are old socialists in involuntary disguise, some are active Christians; the majority are Hungarians first, last, and always.

In fact, the double nature of the "subgovernment" is a reflection of the dualism of party and state that is a standard shift of all dictatorships. This arrangement creates two necessary and interlocking possibilities. It secures for the party the cooperation of the people in the government, and it provides the people with the opportunity to infiltrate the government in order "to avoid the worst and work for the best." The opportunity for the people is not entirely illusory.

During the 1956 revolution even

the party proved to be at least as much Hungarian as it was communist.

In foreign affairs a sharp distinction is made between the party and the "subgovernment." In the organs entrusted with the conduct of foreign affairs, the party per se and with it the interests of the Russians are entrenched. Here, instead of fronting for the people with the Soviet administration, as the "subgovernment" often does, the party fronts for the Soviet administration with the outside world. Hence any diplomatic setback sustained in international relations is welcomed because it weakens the party at home.

Shortly after the revolution a Hungarian refugee in London asked George Mikes, the émigré humorist, if he was ever homesick. "No," answered Mikes, "I think that only the Hungarians who have remained in Hungary are homesick."

It is the confrontation of the dream with the excruciating reality that keeps the dream so vividly alive. "I think our real capacity now is that of homesteaders," a man in Budapest explained. "This country no longer really belongs to us: the Russians have the run of it. But we are still here, and if we stay here and keep 'homesteading,' then one day this country will belong to us again. That is really our only hope."

It's not a cheaper car that most people want—it's a more expensive car that costs less.

Changing Times (Oct. '58).



Fridays Can Be Feast Days

FRIDAYS LOOM UP on the calendar with exasperating regularity. Exasperating to the cook, that is. She knows that at least once every week a meatless day will stare her in the face and fling down its uncompromising challenge. What to serve on Fridays is probably the biggest single problem confronting millions of housewives.

There are ways galore to meet the challenge of a meatless meal. Not one, but three groups of high-protein

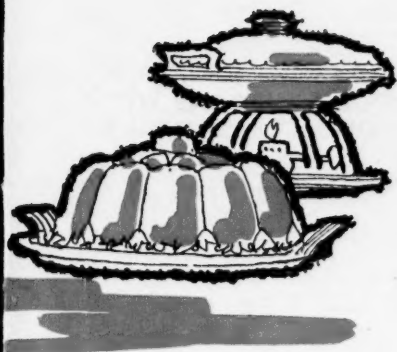
foods are available to substitute for meat: fish, eggs, and cheese. Plus the pasta foods. But what does the average housewife do with them? All too often, she resorts to the same old methods of preparation that she has used for years. She fries the fish. She dumps macaroni and an indifferent cheese sauce into a casserole. Or she scrambles the eggs.

Small wonder, then, that families dislike Fridays and Friday menus.

Especially for CATHOLIC DIGEST readers, I have gathered together some of my most popular and unusual Friday recipes.

I hope they will be the stepping-stair to a wide, new, wonderful world of Friday meals. Just remem-

Reprints of this article are obtainable by sending 5¢ to Box 12, Catholic Digest, 44 E. 53rd St., New York City 22.



By Demetria Taylor

ber to salt fast-day foods with ingenuity and to spice them with imagination. That way you can make every Friday a feast day for your family.

● FISH—with a difference

LOBSTER TAILS SINGAPORE

- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------|
| 4 firm bananas | cooked and shelled |
| Melted butter or margarine | (save broth) |
| Salt | 3 cups hot cooked rice |
| 4 to 6 frozen lobster tails, | |

Set oven for moderate, 375°. Grease shallow baking dish. Peel bananas; cut in half, crosswise, and arrange in dish. Brush with melted butter; sprinkle lightly with salt. Bake 15 to 18 minutes or until bananas are fork-tender. Meanwhile, dice lobster-tail meat; heat over hot water. When hot, place lobster on bed of cooked

rice; arrange cooked bananas around edge. Pour part of the curry sauce on top; serve remainder on the side. Makes 4 servings.

Curry Sauce for Lobster

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------|
| 6 tablespoons butter or margarine | 1 teaspoon salt |
| ½ cup all-purpose flour | ¼ teaspoon pepper |
| 2 teaspoons curry powder | 2 cups lobster stock |
| | ½ cup cream |

Melt butter or margarine. Remove from heat. Add flour, curry powder, salt and pepper; stir until smooth. Stir in hot stock. Add cream. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until sauce is smooth, thickened. Makes 3 cups.

Add curry accompaniments such as flaked coconut, chopped peanuts, seedless raisins, and chutney. Serve a tossed salad of greens and raw vegetables as a separate course. For dessert, polished red apples and blue-cheese wedges.

HOT SHRIMP LOAF

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 12 slices white bread | ¼ teaspoon pepper |
| 1 can (5 oz.) shrimp | ¼ cup milk |
| 2 hard-cooked eggs | 1 can (10½ oz.) tomato soup |
| ½ teaspoon celery salt | Melted butter or margarine |
| 1 teaspoon grated onion | |

Remove crusts from bread slices. Toast crusts; roll fine. Shred about ¾ of the shrimp; combine with eggs, ½ cup toast crumbs, and seasoning. Add milk and ½ cup tomato soup, mix well. Place 3 slices bread close together on baking sheet; spread with shrimp mixture; top with 3 more slices bread; repeat procedure until there are three layers of shrimp mixture and 4 layers of bread. Brush top slices and sides of loaf with melted butter or margarine. Bake in moderate oven, 375°, 20 minutes or until lightly toasted. Slice and serve with sauce. Makes 6 servings.

Shrimp Sauce for Loaf

Combine remaining soup, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon water; heat thoroughly. Add remaining whole shrimp and heat through.

Halves of grapefruit for a beginning. With the hot shrimp loaf serve buttered broccoli and carrot-raisin slaw. For dessert chocolate-mint pudding made with a mix and topped with softly-whipped cream.

Fridays Can Be Feast Days

SMOKED FISH CHOWDER

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| 1½ lbs. smoked haddock
or cod filets | 4 cups sliced raw potatoes |
| 4 cups water | 4 cups milk |
| 3 tablespoons fat or
salad oil | Salt and pepper |
| 2 large onions | 3 tablespoons butter or
margarine |

Cook fish 20 minutes in 2 cups water. Heat fat or oil. Slice onions; cook in fat or salad oil until tender. Add potatoes with remaining 2 cups boiling water. Drain fish; add broth to kettle. Simmer until potatoes are tender. Break up fish and return to kettle. Simmer 10 minutes. Add milk; bring to scalding point but do not boil. Add salt and pepper to taste. Add butter or margarine. Makes 6 servings.

PICKLED MUSHROOMS

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| 2 cans (6 oz. each) broiled
mushroom crowns | 1 cup brown sugar |
| 1 cup cider vinegar | 2 teaspoons whole
pickling spices |

Drain mushrooms, reserving broth; place in glass canning jars. Combine remaining ingredients and add ½ cup mushroom broth. Bring to a boil and simmer for 5 minutes. Pour over mushrooms; cover tightly; cool and refrigerate for 24 hours or more. Serve as a relish. Makes about 40 pickled mushrooms.

For a first course serve a grapefruit and orange cup. With the chowder serve pilot crackers, pickled mushrooms, and other

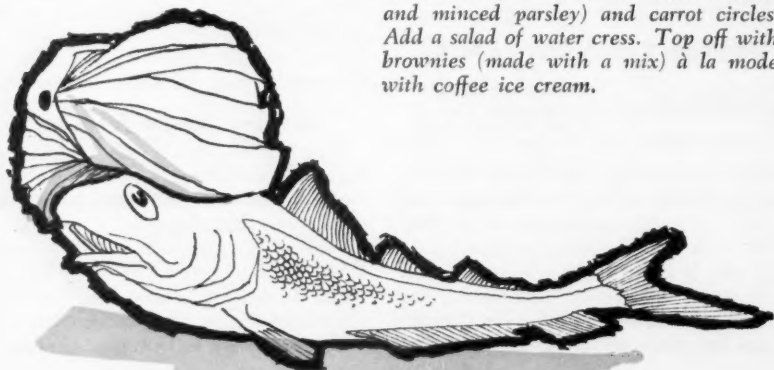
relishes. Wind up with lemon chiffon pie made with a mix.

HADDOCK TURBANS WITH ALMOND CREAM GRAVY

- | | |
|--|----------------------------------|
| 3 pkgs. (6 filets) quick-
frozen haddock filets | Few grains pepper |
| 6 tablespoons butter or
margarine | ¼ cup hot water |
| ¼ cup chopped parsley | ⅓ cup blanched almonds |
| ½ teaspoon poultry sea-
soning | 2 teaspoons flour |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 1 cup light cream |
| | 2 pkgs. quick-frozen
broccoli |

Defrost haddock filets. Cream together 4 tablespoons butter or margarine, parsley, poultry seasoning, ½ teaspoon salt and pepper. Spread on fish filets; roll up, fasten with toothpicks. Place in baking dish; add water; bake in moderate oven, 350°, 30 to 40 minutes. Melt remaining butter or margarine; add almonds; brown. Blend in flour and remaining water, stirring constantly, until thickened. Cook broccoli as directed on package; drain; season with lemon juice and butter or margarine. Arrange broccoli on serving dish with turbans; top with sauce. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

Begin with small glasses of ice-cold raspberry-lemon punch, made with frozen concentrate. Top each glass with a dab of raspberry sherbet, if you like. With the main dish serve "green rice" (pre-cooked rice, laced with melted butter, and minced parsley) and carrot circles. Add a salad of water cress. Top off with brownies (made with a mix) à la mode with coffee ice cream.



Haddock Turban



Rancho Eggs

● EGGS—unusually good HUEVOS RANCHEROS

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--|
| 2 tablespoons olive or salad oil | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 1 large onion, sliced | 2 teaspoons chili powder |
| 1 large green pepper, sliced | ¼ teaspoon oregano |
| 1 garlic clove, peeled and slashed | 6 eggs |
| 1 tablespoon flour | ¾ lb. processed American cheese, cubed |
| 2 cans (1 lb. each) whole tomatoes | 12 pitted black olives |
| | 6 anchovy fillets |

Heat oil; add onion, green pepper and garlic; cook gently about 5 minutes. Blend in flour. Drain tomatoes; add tomatoes to onion mixture; cook over low heat, stirring for about 3 minutes. Add seasonings; cook 5 minutes. Discard garlic; turn tomato mixture into shallow baking dish. Make 6 depressions in tomato mixture; drop an egg carefully into each. Dot sauce between eggs with cheese cubes and olives. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, about 12 minutes or until eggs are set. Top each egg with anchovy fillet. Serve at once. Makes 6 servings.

Start with chilled grapefruit juice. Serve hot cornsticks and a green salad with the main dish. For dessert, fresh fruit and crisp buttery crackers.

EGGS NEPTUNE

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|-------------------------------|--|
| 2 cans cream of mushroom soup | 2 tablespoons cold water |
| ½ pint whipping cream | 1 can (6 oz.) broiled mushroom crowns, drained |
| 1 tablespoon cornstarch | |

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------|
| 6 hard-cooked eggs, halved or quartered | 1 cup shrimp, cooked or canned |
| 18 oysters (fresh, frozen or canned) | 1 cup sauterne or dry sherry |

Blend soup and cream in saucepan. Combine cornstarch and cold water; add to soup mixture with mushrooms, eggs, oysters and shrimp. Stir over low heat until edges of oysters curl. Just before serving, add wine. Heat thoroughly; do not boil. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

As a starter, serve frosty-cold orange juice made from a frozen concentrate. Serve hot, fluffy rice as a partner for the creamed eggs and seafood, with baby lima beans and a crisp salad. Hot gingerbread squares (made from a mix) and sharp cheddar cheese cubes for dessert.

EGGS MORNAV

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 9 hard-cooked eggs | ½ pound sharp cheddar cheese, grated |
| 1 can sardines | 3 cups medium white sauce |
| 3 tablespoons heavy cream | 1½ teaspoons Worcestershire sauce |
| 1½ teaspoons mustard | Toasted English muffins |

Halve eggs lengthwise; remove yolks; mash with sardines and cream. Refill egg whites. Add Worcestershire sauce, mustard, and cheese to white sauce. Cook over hot water, stirring until cheese melts. Pour sauce over eggs. Serve on toasted English muffins. Makes 6 servings.

For a starter try hot tomato juice served in soup cups. With the Eggs Mornay serve zucchini circles and orange and onion ring salad. Wind up with Danish fruit dessert made from a mix.

FLUFFY OMELETS SOLO (with deviled crabmeat sauce)

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 2 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca | 1 tablespoon butter or margarine |
| ¼ teaspoon salt | 4 egg whites |
| ¼ teaspoon pepper | 4 egg yolks |
| ¾ cup milk | |

Combine tapioca, salt, pepper, and milk in saucepan. Cook over medium heat until mixture comes to a full boil, stirring constantly. Add 1 tablespoon butter. Re-

Fridays Can Be Feast Days

move from heat; cool slightly while beating eggs. Beat egg whites until stiff. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Add tapioca mixture to egg yolks; mix well. Fold into egg whites. Shape into 4 mounds on hot buttered griddle. Cook over low heat 5 minutes. Turn carefully; cook about 5 minutes longer. Omelet is sufficiently cooked when a knife inserted comes out clean. Serve with deviled crabmeat sauce. Makes 4 servings.

Deviled Crabmeat Sauce

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| 2 tablespoons butter or margarine | Few drops Tabasco |
| 2 tablespoons flour | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg |
| 1 tablespoon prepared mustard | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream |
| | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Rhine wine |
| | 1 can (6 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) crabmeat |

Melt butter or margarine; blend in flour, mustard, Worcestershire, tabasco and nutmeg. Combine milk and cream; add. Stir over low heat until smooth and thickened. Stir in wine. Flake crabmeat, removing any cartilage. Add crabmeat to sauce. Reheat. Makes 4 servings.

Serve a small fruit salad for the first course. Accompany the omelets with small hot muffins and buttered peas. For dessert, chocolate eclairs made with a mix.

● CHEESE—a tasty surprise

WHITE MOUNTAIN RING (with vegetable salad)

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|----------------------------------|---|
| 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin | 1 tablespoon lemon juice |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cottage cheese | Dash Tabasco sauce |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup salad dressing | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt |
| 2 tablespoons chopped parsley | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup heavy cream, whipped |
| 2 tablespoons minced pimiento | Crisp salad greens |
| 2 tablespoons chopped onion | |

Sprinkle gelatin on cold water to soften; dissolve over hot water. Cool slightly. Combine cheese and dressing; stir in gelatin, parsley, and next 6 ingredients; blend well. Fold in cream. Turn into 5-cup ring mold; chill until firm. Unmold



Swiss Fondue

on platter. Garnish with salad greens. Fill center with Vegetable Salad. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Vegetable Salad

Cook 2 packages (10 oz. each) mixed vegetables; drain and cool. Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salad oil, 2 tablespoons vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon garlic salt, dash Tabasco sauce, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika. Beat with a rotary egg beater. Pour over vegetables; toss to mix; chill.

Start off with hot tomato soup garnished with croutons. Hot biscuits or rolls and assorted relishes accompany the salad ring. For dessert, lemon sherbet and Tokay grape clusters.

SWISS FONDUE

(with creamy vegetable sauce)

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|-----------------------------------|---|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk | 2 cups medium white sauce |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cups bread cubes | 1 cup cooked green peas |
| 2 tablespoons butter or margarine | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely diced pimiento |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt | 1 can (3 or 4 oz.) sliced mushrooms |
| 3 eggs, separated | |
| 2 cups shredded Swiss cheese | |

Scald milk; add bread cubes, butter, salt. Beat egg yolks; add bread-and-milk mixture; cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add cheese; stir until cheese melts. Cool slightly. Beat egg whites stiff; fold in. Pour into greased baking dish; set in pan of hot water. Bake in moderate oven, 325°, about 1 hour or

until inserted knife comes out clean. Meanwhile, prepare white sauce; add peas, pimiento, and drained sliced mushrooms (if desired, broth from mushrooms can be used as part of the liquid for white sauce). Serve with the fondue. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

Add a salad of tomatoes, cucumbers, scallions, and greens, and hot French bread with garlic butter to the main course. End with apple turnovers.

SEATTLE SHORTCAKE

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| 1 pkg. corn-muffin mix | 4 tablespoons flour |
| 1 can (1 lb.) salmon | ½ cup grated American cheese |
| 1 can (1 lb.) peas | ¼ teaspoon Tabasco |
| Milk | 2 tablespoons chili sauce |
| 4 tablespoons butter or margarine | |

Prepare corn-muffin mix according to package directions. Bake in well-greased 8-inch ring mold in hot oven, 400°, 30 minutes. While corn bread is baking, drain salmon and peas. Boil liquid rapidly until reduced to ½ cup. Add enough milk to make 2 cups; reserve. Melt butter; blend in flour. Add milk mixture; cook, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens and comes to a boil. Reduce heat; add cheese; stir until melted. Flake salmon in large pieces; add with peas, Tabasco, and chili sauce; heat. Place corn bread ring on platter; fill center with salmon mixture. Makes 6 servings.

Begin with chilled pineapple juice. Add a crisp salad to accompany the main dish. For dessert, frozen cheese cake.

CHEDDAR CHEESE SOUP

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| 2 tablespoons minced onion | ¼ teaspoon pepper |
| 2 tablespoons butter or margarine | 4 cups milk |
| 2 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca | ½ cup grated sharp cheddar cheese |
| 1¼ teaspoons salt | 2 tablespoons chopped parsley |

Cook onion in butter until tender. Add quick-cooking tapioca, salt, pepper, milk. Cook over medium heat until mixture comes to a boil, stirring constantly. Remove from heat; add cheese and parsley;

stir until cheese is melted. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

Serve the soup first, with crisp crackers of your choice. Next serve French-toasted or grilled tuna-salad sandwiches, pickles, and olives. Wind up with fruited, whipped gelatin.

● PASTA—plus protein SEA SCALLOPS IN CLOVER

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|--------------------------------------|--|
| 2 lbs. sea scallops, fresh or frozen | 1 cup light cream |
| 1 teaspoon instant minced onion | 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten |
| ½ teaspoon salt | 1 can (6 oz.) sliced broiled mushrooms |
| few grains pepper | 1 pkg. (8 oz.) green noodles, cooked and drained |
| ¼ cup butter or margarine | ¼ cup shredded Parmesan cheese |
| ¼ cup flour | 1 tablespoon butter or margarine |
| ¼ teaspoon Tabasco | |
| ¼ teaspoon oregano | |
| ½ teaspoon paprika | |
| 1 cup scallop broth | |



Seashell Tuna

Defrost scallops, if frozen. Combine scallops, instant minced onion, ½ teaspoon salt and pepper in saucepan. Add boiling water to cover; simmer 10 minutes; drain, saving broth. Melt ¼ cup butter, blend in flour, Tabasco, oregano, and paprika. Add 1 cup scallop broth and cream. Stir constantly over low heat until smooth and thickened. Pour a little of this sauce on egg yolks; blend well; return to rest of sauce; mix well. Add mushrooms, liquid and all; stir well. Add scallops and more salt, if necessary. Spoon

noodles into buttered shallow baking dish; top with scallop mixture; sprinkle with Parmesan cheese; dot with remaining butter. Brown under broiler. Makes 4 to 5 servings.

Begin with frosty tomato juice. With the main dish serve pickled beets and a tossed salad. Finish off with frosted orange angel food made with a mix.

LASAGNE STRATA

(with meatless sauce)

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|---------------------------------|--|
| 1 pkg. (1 lb.) lasagne noodles | 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese |
| Boiling salted water | 1/2 lb. mozzarella cheese, thinly sliced |
| 1 lb. ricotta or cottage cheese | |

Prepare sauce. Cook noodles in salted water according to package directions until almost tender; rinse and drain well. Spread half the drained noodles over bottom of lightly oiled 13x9x2-inch baking dish. Using half of each of the remaining ingredients, spread alternate layers of each on top of the noodles. Repeat, starting with noodles and ending with mozzarella slices. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 30 minutes or until bubbling and hot. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Meatless Sauce

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|----------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1/2 cup chopped onion | tomatoes |
| 1 garlic clove, minced | 1 can (6 oz.) tomato paste |
| 1/4 cup minced celery | 1/4 cup water |
| 2 tablespoons salad or olive oil | 1 teaspoon sugar |
| 2 teaspoons salt | 1/2 teaspoon oregano |
| 2 cans (16 oz. each) | |

Cook onion, garlic and celery in oil over low heat until soft but not brown. Stir in remaining ingredients, except oregano. Cover; bring mixture to boil. Reduce heat; simmer, stirring frequently, 3 hours or until thick. Chill; skim off fat. Before serving add oregano; simmer 10 minutes. Makes about 5 cups.

Start off with a simple antipasto selection of sardines, fresh apple slices dipped in lemon juice, pimientos, ripe olives, and celery curls. A crisp green salad and bread sticks round out the main course. For dessert, luscious melon wedges served with powdered ginger and lime juice.

MACARONI AND CHEESE CUTLETS

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| 2 cups elbow macaroni | 1 cup grated cheese |
| 1 tablespoon chopped parsley | 1 teaspoon grated onion |
| | 1 cup thick white sauce |

Cook macaroni in boiling, salted water, according to directions on package, until tender; drain; cool slightly. Put through food chopper, using medium knife. Add parsley. Combine cheese, grated onion, and white sauce; mix well; add to macaroni. When cool enough to handle, shape into cutlets and dust with flour. Fry in shallow fat (1 1/2 inches deep) heated to 375°, about 4 minutes. Makes 6 cutlets.

To round out the menu, begin with clear tomato soup. With the macaroni and cheese cutlets, serve buttered sliced carrots and green beans, arranging the cutlets around the carrots, with green beans between. Accompany this "picture platter" with a salad of garden vegetables—scallions, cucumber, radishes and lettuce. End with a fruit compote.

SEASHELL TUNA

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 8 oz. shell macaroni | Few grains pepper |
| Boiling salted water | 2 cups milk |
| 1/4 cup butter or margarine | 1 cup grated sharp cheddar cheese |
| 1 tablespoon instant minced onion | 1 can (1 lb.) tomatoes |
| 1/2 cup flour | 2 cans (6 or 7 oz. each) tuna, flaked |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt | 1/2 cup buttered crumbs |

Cook macaroni in the salted water according to package directions; rinse in hot water and drain. Meanwhile, melt butter in a skillet. Add onion; cook over low heat 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Blend in flour, salt and pepper. Add milk; cook and stir constantly until mixture is smooth and thickened. Add cheese. Stir mixture until cheese melts. Stir in tomatoes and tuna; heat thoroughly. Turn drained macaroni into 2-quart casserole. Pour hot tomato-tuna over macaroni; toss to mix well. Sprinkle crumbs over top. Bake in moderate oven, 375°, about 20 minutes or until mixture is thoroughly heated and crumbs brown. Serves 8.

Begin with frozen clam chips served piping hot on wooden picks. Serve asparagus vinaigrette with the casserole. For dessert, cherry ice cream and wafers.

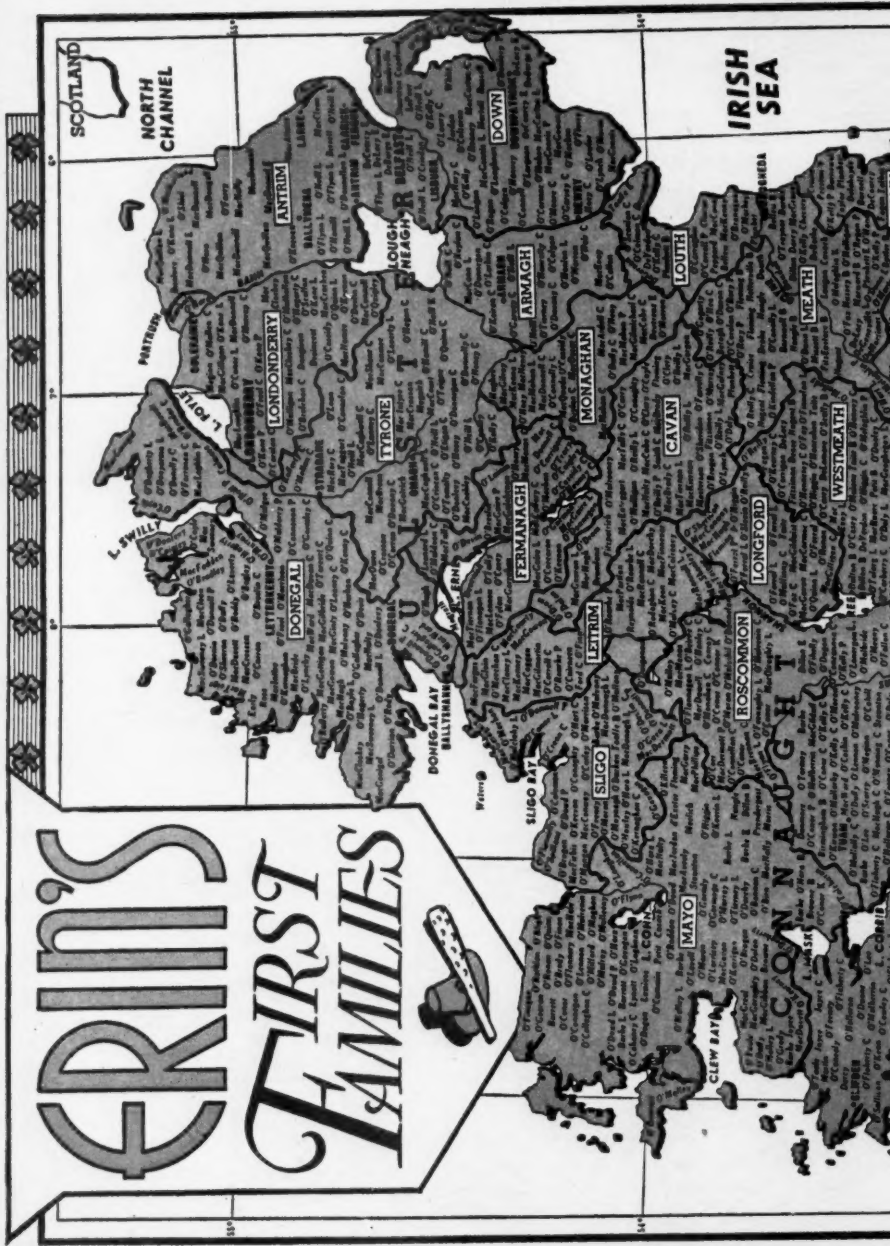
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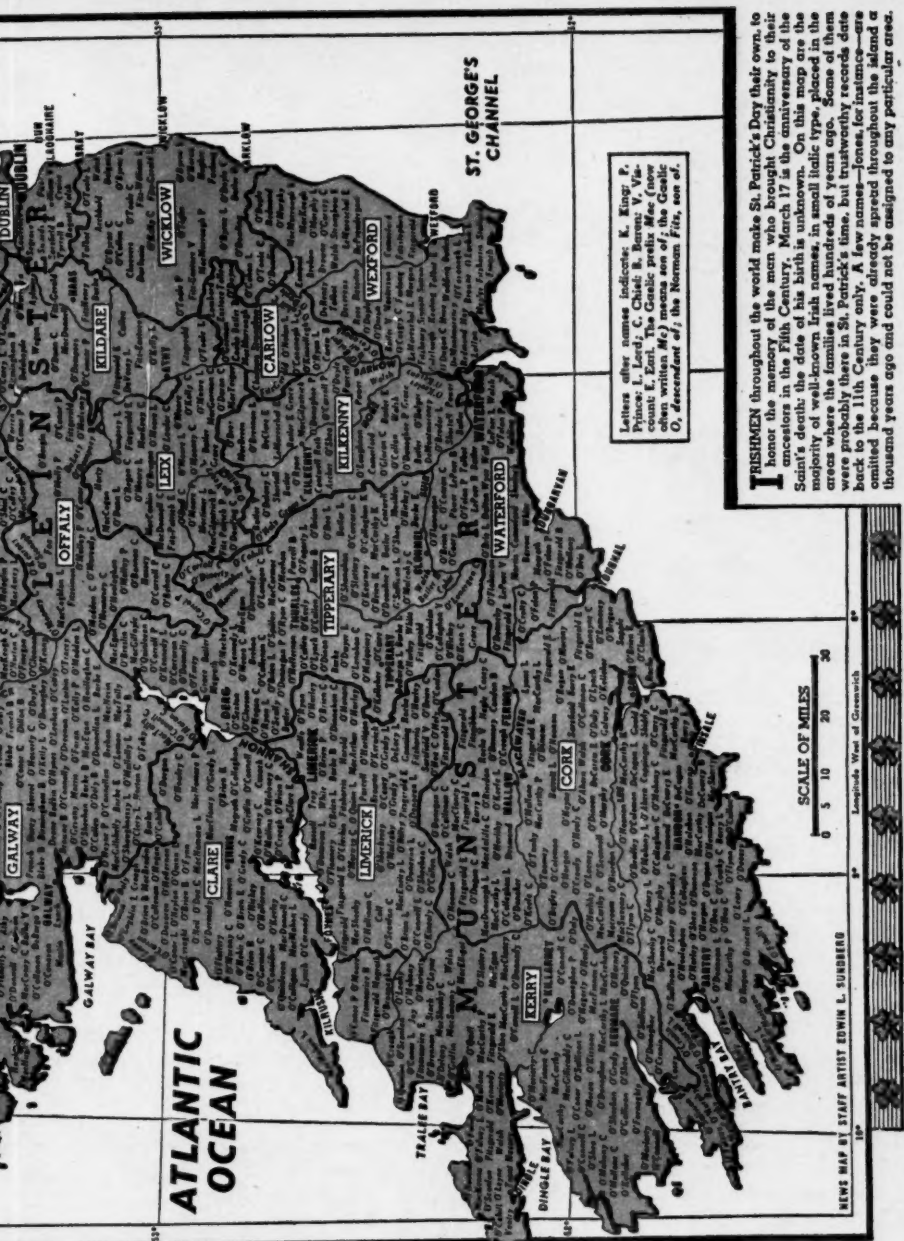
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ERIN'S FIRST FAMILIES





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IRISHMEN throughout the world make St. Patrick's Day their own, to honor the memory of the man who brought Christianity to their ancestors in the fifth century. On March 17 a festival is celebrated in his honor. On this day, the date of his birth is commemorated. One of the majority of well-known Irish names, in small italic type, placed in the areas where the families lived hundreds of years ago. Some of them were probably there in St. Patrick's time, but trustworthy records date back to the 11th Century only. A few names—Jones, for instance—were omitted because they were already spread throughout the island a thousand years ago and could not be assigned to any particular area.

Look For Your Irish Ancestors



Start your search before you go abroad

*Condensed from
"Ireland of the Welcomes"**

THE MAP OF IRELAND on the preceding pages gives rough indications of where your Irish ancestors lived. You may think some day of trying to find out more exactly who they were.

You may decide to add this interest to the pleasure of a holiday in Ireland, or you may inquire by correspondence. Whichever way you choose, it is most important that you yourself should make some preliminary preparations.

Remember that Ireland's records have inevitably suffered in the course of her troubled history. Much valuable material has been preserved, but

not as much as a searcher would like. Remember, too, that an Irish surname may be borne by many people, with the result that *identification* becomes a serious problem.

You must, therefore, gather and verify as far as possible every scrap of information you can from sources available to you — family papers, memories of elderly relatives, Church and state records in your own country. A local genealogical or historical society may be able to help.

You should try to find out the full name of the emigrant ancestor, the background of his family (whether they were rich or poor, merchants or farmers), his religion. Above all, you should try to find the name of the *precise place* from which the emi-

*7-8 Mount St. Crescent, Dublin, Ireland. November-December, 1960. Reprinted with permission.

grant came. Here, particularly, a family tradition preserving the name of a parish or townland can be of great assistance.

A great many of the more important sources of genealogical information are centralized in Dublin. At the *Office of the Registrar-General* in the Custom House are preserved the registers of births, marriages, and deaths since 1864, when general civil registration began. Marriages of non-Catholics are recorded from 1845. Certified copies of entries are supplied and searches are carried out by the officials, or may be made in person by those who can visit the office. Small fees are payable.

The collections of the *Public Record Office*, at the Four Courts, suffered severely in 1922, but the office does still house valuable material. Of particular interest are the Tithe Applotment Books, which give the names of those whose holdings were subject to tithes about the year 1825, and the Valuation Office records, relating also to the first half of the last century. Also preserved here are wills and abstracts of wills, indexes to wills, administrations and marriage-license bonds no longer extant, and valuable collections relating to particular families.

The *Registry of Deeds* is a most useful source of genealogical information. Its records run back to 1708, and relate to all the usual property transactions: deeds, leases, mortgages, settlements. Searches may be made in person.

The *National Library* has a splendid collection of books and manuscripts relating to Ireland. Among printed works are directories, family histories, journals of local antiquarian and historical societies, topographical works, and histories of particular areas.

Very important also are the files of newspapers, national and local, even though birth, marriage, and death announcements were not as numerous formerly as now. The manuscript collections include deeds, letters, rentals, and other papers relating to many Irish families. The library is preparing an immense card index which will facilitate the use of all this material.

The *Genealogical Office*, a part of the National Library, is in Dublin Castle. It has its own collections of officially recorded pedigrees, registers of armorial bearings, will abstracts, printed family histories, and much other genealogical and heraldic material. The office provides advice and general information — about surnames, for example — without charge. It also undertakes searches of its own records and of outside sources; the fees for such searches are at the rate of £3 for four hours work.

These large central repositories do not exhaust the sources which may help you in your search for ancestors. Before the period of general civil registration, Church records are the best source for the primary genealogical facts. A record of Baptism is obviously a proof of birth. The pa-

rochial registers of the Catholic Church are in the custody of the parish priests all over Ireland. In urban areas they can be of considerable antiquity, covering 200 years or more, but in rural areas they are generally found to begin about the second quarter of the last century.

Many parochial registers of the Church of Ireland were destroyed in 1922 in the Public Record Office, where they had been deposited, but some survived and many are still in the custody of the pastors. The registers quite often go back to the 18th century and even before.

If your emigrant ancestor or his forebears came from the northern

counties of Ireland, the *Public Record Office of Northern Ireland* (Law Courts building, May St., Belfast) will have much to offer. Since this office was founded in 1924 it has built up a fine collection of records relating to Counties Antrim, Down, Armagh, Tyrone, Fermanagh, and Derry. The Tithe Applotment Books and other such records for these counties are in this office. In other parts of Ireland the local public libraries may have information. All over the country are cemeteries with tombstone inscriptions which with local tradition provide details of name and date which might not be available from any other source.



THE PERFECT ASSIST

After finishing high school, I went to live with my uncle in Idaho. One day my uncle, who speculated in mining stock, decided to go out to see a mine in which he was interested. He had to go by horseback, because it was located in a wild, mountainous area.

When I begged to go along, he shook his head. No horse was available for me, and the area he was to travel in was noted for rattlesnakes. However, he finally said that I could go if I would wear the proper protective clothing.

We followed a rugged, up-mountain trail, with my uncle riding and me trudging along behind. After a while, growing tired, I got the notion that the horse might as well give me a bit of help in the exhausting climb, so I grabbed hold of his tail!

The horse reared and plunged. My uncle sailed clear over his mount's head. In a panic, I helped him to his feet. Then I stood there with shaking knees, waiting for his justifiable wrath at my tenderfoot foolishness to come crashing down.

My uncle brushed off his clothes. "Durn old rattlesnakes!" he said mildly. But I noticed he didn't even glance around to see if any snake was nearby. He climbed onto his horse, and we journeyed on.

C. K. Chapin.

[For original reports of strikingly gracious or tactful remarks or actions, we will pay \$50 on publication. In specific cases where we can obtain permission from the publisher to reprint, we will also pay \$50 to readers who submit acceptable anecdotes of this type quoted verbatim from books or magazines. Exact source must be given. Manuscripts cannot be returned.]

Chief of Chaplains, U. S. Navy

By Paul F. Healy

THE SCENE was a diplomatic reception in Singapore. A U. S. navy lieutenant wearing the insignia of a chaplain approached two women who were talking in Italian and joined in their conversation. One of the women, the wife of a Netherlands attaché, said with surprise, "You speak Italian quite well, Father, but you look like an Irishman."

"I'm half of each," the chaplain explained.

"Well," she quipped with a smile, "the Irish are crazy and the Italians are worse, so what must you be like?"

The chaplain, now Rear Adm. and Msgr. George A. Rosso, made no attempt to counter the lady's wit. But today he laughs off the notion that a Celtic-Latin heritage necessarily gives one a volatile nature.

"The fact of the matter is that I'm inclined to be cold and calculating," he says.

His colleagues agree with this self-analysis—up to a point. His personality is of special interest to them because Monsignor Rosso is chief of the navy chaplains' corps. He is the

Msgr. George A. Rosso thinks that American sailors are "the kindest men on earth" and that "a ship is probably the most beautiful thing man's imagination has ever created"

first priest to become navy chaplains' chief since that position was established in 1947. As such, he is also the first Catholic chaplain to become an admiral while on active duty.

"George is cold and calculating externally—in dealing with other chaplains," explains one of his assistants. "He disciplines his emotions. But I happen to know that he suffers internally when any of us suffers."

A Catholic chaplain remarks that Monsignor Rosso "is respected because he has a deep sense of mission: he knows what the navy mission is and what the Catholic mission is, and he wants them both perfectly fulfilled."

"Among Protestant chaplains, he has a reputation for being forth-



Monsignor Rosso

right," says Capt. Irving Stultz, a Unitarian, and assistant director of navy chaplains. "There has never been a feeling that he favors one group over the others. This probably has created as much confidence among the chaplains corps as anything else."

Stultz adds that navy chaplains are impressed with Monsignor Rosso's "willingness to act vigorously in a situation requiring a decision. He won't withhold it for fear of offending someone. And he won't hesitate to endorse a man right across the board if he deserves it. In other words, it's not what a man's Church does but what the man himself does in the navy that counts."

Two other characteristics have made Monsignor Rosso popular: his sense of humor and his unfailing courtesy. His humor tends to be self-deprecating, and he never displays any temper under stress; but there is a hard core beneath that bland exterior. It showed itself when he was in charge of the elementary school at the Norfolk, Va., naval base in 1949. It had been the habit of some of the officers' wives to sit in on the classes and second-guess the teachers. Father Rosso was bidding his time for an opportunity to put a stop to it. One day the ranking admiral at the base telephoned him. He wished to discuss "a school matter."

When the chaplain was ushered into the admiral's office, the latter told him bluntly, "I don't think

you're teaching enough arithmetic in your school."

"Oh, but I think we are," the chaplain replied coolly. "We have an excellent mathematics teacher. She holds a doctorate and is trained in child psychology."

The admiral remained silent for a moment. Then he said, "Father, you're the first person who's had the guts to talk back to me, and I want you to know I appreciate it. Hereafter, neither I nor my wife will give you any trouble in running the school."

Today, at 54, Monsignor Rosso is gray at the temples and nearly bald, with flying, tufted eyebrows that move as expressively as his warm blue-gray eyes. He is a man of medium height, with the rolling gait of one who loves to walk an open deck.

No one can talk with him for long without discovering that his love of the navy is second only to his love of his religion.

"A ship," he says with a nostalgic glint in his eye, "is probably the most beautiful thing man's imagination has ever created."

Like most sailors, he believes that shipboard life brings one closer to God. He points out that "anyone who goes to sea, regardless of whether he has any religion to start with, is tremendously impressed with the idea that there must be a Supreme Being in control. During the night you see a breath-taking star-studded universe—and the next morning you

may be hanging on for dear life because of the fury that has developed in the sea.

"A ship is like a small or a big town, depending on its size," he continues. "Life goes on there as in any town, except that the main street is very short. You develop a very close camaraderie with your shipmates. Basically, a navy chaplain and a parish priest face the same problems. Something every chaplain needs is the sense that he is a missionary. You're transferred every two years, perhaps to some remote spot on land or sea, and you must prove your mettle each time. The new crew looks you over and says, 'Well, he's our chaplain. Wonder what he's got?'"

Monsignor Rosso rises early in his apartment on the Potomac river, a few miles from the Navy Annex in Virginia. At 6:45 A.M. he celebrates Mass at a barracks chapel, and before 7:30 he is in his office brewing his own coffee. He remains there until late afternoon. If it has been a hard day, or if he is upset about something, he returns to his apartment and plays peacefully on his electric pipe organ.

In his leisure hours, he shines as an amateur chef, serving up for friends such Rosso specialties as beef ragout Bordeaux, meat balls, or prime ribs. He was taught cooking by his Italian-born father, the late Joseph A. Rosso, an accountant for New York hotels. Immediately after Mass on Sunday mornings, Rosso

senior would clear the kitchen of his wife, Katherine, who was of Irish descent, and give cooking lessons to his four sons.

Monsignor Rosso, who was born in New York City on Sept. 7, 1906, has two brothers living: Comdr. Richard Rosso, a naval supply officer, and Adrian, a post-office employe in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

No single event inspired George Rosso to choose his vocation, but he recalls vividly an incident that happened when he was seven years old. His mother had become seriously ill when the family was vacationing at Glen Cove, Long Island. The nearest church was a long way off and automobiles were scarce.

"It left a lasting impression on me to see the parish priest walking across the fields on a hot summer day to bring mother the sacraments," he says.

When his mother died, George went to boarding school. There he made his final decision to become a priest rather than to apply his proficiency in mathematics to engineering. At St. Joseph's seminary in Dunwoodie, N. Y., he decided to become a chaplain after attending a lecture by Father (now Msgr.) George Murdock, a retired navy chaplain. He was ordained in St. Patrick's cathedral by Patrick Cardinal Hayes in 1933.

He served as assistant pastor of Our Lady of Peace church in New York City for four years before being commissioned as a lieutenant, junior

grade, in the navy chaplains' corps. The young chaplain's first sea duty was aboard the U. S. S. *New York*, which was on maneuvers in the Caribbean.

He has never regretted his choice of a career.

"It has turned out to be a very fascinating life," he explains. "Perhaps the most fascinating thing of all has been observing the devotion of navy Catholics to their religion. In the Caribbean, I was the only Catholic chaplain for a task force of four battleships and assorted destroyers and tenders. It would take the officer of the day 30 minutes to get the men from the other ships aboard for Mass and Confessions.

"Those open-deck services were inspiring," he continues. "White-clothed officers and seamen would be kneeling for as far as you could see. We had no public-address amplifiers then, so the chaplain needed a boatswain's voice—but fortunately I've never had any difficulty in being heard."

He had decided to become a chaplain partly because he had sensed that war was coming. But when the war broke out he was far from the ocean, serving as assistant chaplain and coordinator of recreation at the Great Lakes Naval Training station in Illinois. Finally, on Feb. 22, 1943, he was ordered to the newly commissioned U. S. S. *Iowa* as senior chaplain. That fall the *Iowa* carried President Roosevelt to Casablanca for the Teheran conference.

Then the *Iowa* sailed to the Pacific, where she joined the 5th Fleet for the strikes against Kwajalein, Eniwetok, Truk, Tinian, Saipan, Palau, the Marshalls, and other islands. Twice the *Iowa* was attacked by aircraft, but suffered scarcely any casualties. Off Truk, three torpedoes narrowly missed her.

Father Rosso was eager to stay aboard the *Iowa* until it reached Tokyo bay, but in February, 1944, he was ordered to humdrum duty in the Bureau of Personnel in Washington, D. C. He wrote his superiors wryly that he could only hope the *Iowa* would become "as elusive as the Scarlet Pimpernel" when the relief chaplain tried to catch up with him. His hopes were realized for a time. It took two months before he was relieved.

During the war he helped originate the sunset prayer held on deck. He wrote many special prayers for these dramatic services. *The Prayer of a Bluejacket* begins: "Increase, O God, the spirit of comradeship amongst us, that in danger we may uphold and serve one another. Grant us brave and enduring hearts that we may strengthen one another, till the disciplines and testings of these days be ended . . ."

He is widely known also for his sermons. His approach, intellectual rather than dynamic, has had a memorable effect on many hearers. One flight surgeon remembers in amazing detail a Rosso sermon on the eastern churches preached 12 years

ago in the naval chapel at Norfolk.

He has enjoyed postwar sea duty with the Pacific forces in 1948-50 and again in 1951-53. Last November he spent several days among the men engaged in Operation Deep-freeze at the Naval-Air Facility base, McMurdo sound, Antarctica. He celebrated Mass several times in the tiny all-faiths chapel of Our Lady of the Snows. The men of McMurdo built the chapel in 1955.*

The navy made him a captain in 1950. The Pope elevated him to the rank of monsignor in 1957. His appointment as chief of navy chaplains in June, 1958, followed a three-year assignment as assistant director of the chaplains' division.

Under law, the navy is entitled to one chaplain for every 800 men, but the present ratio is actually one for every 1,000 men. The shortage is greatest among Catholic chaplains. Rosso has only 220 priests to fill 260 billets. However, he feels that the bishops are supplying him with all the priests they can spare at a time when every diocese is expanding.

Half of his billets are ashore. No one can understand better than he why every new chaplain wants to be a sailor.

"There's lots of excitement when you operate with the fleet these days," he points out. "You often say three Masses on Sunday, and have to be hauled from one ship to another in a boatswain's chair or a helicopter. You are dropped down from

the helicopter in a sling. The hovering time over the ship is only about two minutes, so the chaplain's arrival and departure must be timed to the second." (One chaplain suffered a fractured shoulder and torn arm muscles when a helicopter crashed into the water.)

Monsignor Rosso has earned six medals in addition to a commendation ribbon from the secretary of the navy for "his leadership, judgment, and superior abilities [which] played a vital part in the development, expansion, and administration of a comprehensive program devoted to the spiritual well-being of the personnel of the navy." But his greatest satisfactions are of another sort. He takes pride in the way Catholic crew members turn out for Mass and Communion in foreign ports. He says that their conduct amazes local populaces who are accustomed to seeing services attended predominantly by women.

While shore leave still is often lively, says Monsignor Rosso, it has come a long way from the days when our sailors were always primed to uphold the honor of Uncle Sam with their fists.

"The lads of the U. S. navy," he explains, "enter a port with their cameras slung over their shoulders and money jingling in their pockets, and are good ambassadors wherever they go. They probably support more local orphanages around the world than any other single group. They're the kindest men on earth!"

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, August, 1958, p. 21.

The "stall" and the "wire" may be lurking to make a "mark" of you

How Pickpockets Pick Pockets



By M. Robert Beasley
*Condensed from "Popular Science"**

THE ART of pocket picking is undergoing refinement—or perhaps there are more fat pockets to pick these days. The New York City post office receives an average of 450 empty wallets a week. (Professionals prefer to use mailboxes to get rid of the evidence. Tossing a wallet into a trash basket is likely to attract attention.) The Detroit post office averages 500 a month; and when the football or convention seasons are on, the figure can go as high as 3,000 a month. Other big cities report similar receipts.

The professional pickpocket is

proud of his skill and nerve. But his greatest asset is a profound insight into ordinary human reactions—what he calls his "grift sense." He knows that if you are jostled, your reaction will be surprise, apology, or irritation.

He likes that, for anybody momentarily upset is less likely to feel those lightning-fast fingers in his pocket. He knows, too, that you may suspiciously clap your hand to your wallet pocket. That tells him where you keep your money.

The pickpocket is aware that a woman shopping is likely to be care-

*355 Lexington Ave., New York City 17. December, 1960. © 1960 by Popular Science Publishing Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

less about where she puts down her purse. When she finds it missing, her first reaction is bewildered incredulity. That's good. In those fleeting moments he makes his getaway.

No branch of petty crime is better organized than pocket picking. The professional rarely works alone. He will have at least one other man on his team, possibly as many as four or five if he works a "troupe."

The thief who actually lifts the wallet is called the "wire." His principal partner, the "stall," spots a promising victim, the "mark," and initiates the action. The stall may set the mark up for the wire by jostling, or even by an innocent exclamation at a standup lunch counter, "Look out, you're spilling your coffee!" A good stall can be counted on to improvise as he goes.

A troupe is probably the best-trained team of men in the trade. Theirs is a precision operation with a clear-cut division of labor. One man merely picks the mark. Two or three others divert his attention. Then the wire steps in, like a matorador, for the kill.

The light finger comes in various grades. Low man on the totem pole is he who works department or grocery stores, snatching purses that have been carelessly laid aside. On a bad day, he is not above "boosting" (shoplifting).

Only a cut above the purse lifter is the pickpocket who reaches into a woman's shoulder bag to extract

PICKPOCKET JARGON

Cannon. Any member of a pickpocket team.

Fan. Light fingering to locate wallet.

Grift sense. A knowledge of human reaction.

Hanger-binger. A specialist in emptying women's shoulder purses.

Hustle. Method of operation.

Impression. Wallet located.

Jug troupe. Team specializing on marks leaving banks.

Leather. A wallet.

Mark. Victim.

Moll busser. A thief who preys on women.

Pit worker. A wire who can lift leather from an inside pocket.

Score. A successful pocket-picking.

Stall. A wire's partner.

Stiff. A hand-concealing item, as a newspaper.

Wire. The specialist who lifts your wallet.

money. In the underworld he is known as a "hanger-binger."

The wire who can "fan" a mark (feel where the money is) and, with the aid of a stall, separate his victim from a wallet in the rear pocket has more status among his fellows. To perfect himself, he may practice for weeks on a dummy fitted with trip switches. His slightest clumsiness flashes a light. That's devastating to a pickpocket. He's a vain man. "Tell

me how I got caught," many an incredulous light finger has asked an arresting cop.

The classical "score," as obtaining money by levitation is called, is a simple but precise operation. Assume that you are the mark. You're wedged in among standees in a bus at the rush hour. Your wallet is in your left rear trouser pocket. A man behind you, the wire, has his arm raised in front of him, ostensibly to ward off the body collisions caused by the stop-and-go of the bus. Under his other arm he carries a folded newspaper, his "stiff."

His uplifted arm presses on you. You're used to this in jammed buses. But just to be sure, you move your left hand back to feel your wallet. The wire is grateful. You're cooperating.

But just to be sure, himself, he conducts a delicate, two-second fanning of that pocket, maintaining his diverting arm pressure all the while. Now he has his "impression," the location of your money.

By eye, he signals his stall, who stands facing you. The stall lurches. You collide with him. The stall glares. How could you be so rude? In the confusion, your wallet is gently transferred to the folds of the newspaper. If the wire and stall have timed it right, they are out of the bus at the next stop before you've recovered your wits. You won't feel for your wallet again for another minute or two.

But, you say, that can't happen to

you! You carry your wallet in the inside pocket of your jacket.

The recognized king of the pocket-picking art is the "pit worker." He's the fellow who can reach into that inside jacket pocket and withdraw your wallet without detection.

Let's say you're coming out of an elevator. A man approaches you rapidly on a collision course. Over his arm he carries a topcoat. He raises his arm at the moment that you almost walk into each other. At the same time a man behind you jostles you. That's natural—you've just stopped suddenly. There are gentlemanly apologies all around.

A block away, your inside jacket pocket feels empty. You're right. The man behind you as you came out of the elevator was the stall, the man with the coat over his arm the wire. The upraised coat covered the pocket-picking operation. Your wallet is gone.

The pickpocket fraternity sadly reports that there are few really proficient pit workers around these days. The old ones die off, and newer generations, they say, lack the gumption it takes to learn the business.

If the pit worker is king of his trade, the "jug troupes" probably excite the greatest admiration among pickpockets. They specialize in the transfer of money that is fresh from the paying-receiving window. A "jug," you see, is a bank.

You have just cashed a check. While the teller was carefully counting out the greenbacks, a well-

dressed man nearby was watching with admiration. You're a splendid mark. You're loaded.

When you leave the bank, he follows. As you reach the street, he touches a handkerchief to his brow. Then he puts the handkerchief into one of his pockets, the one where you put your money.

If the troupe is at its best, it doesn't matter what *you* do from now on. Let's say you hail a cab. Another member of the troupe, one of the stalls, grabs your arm as you reach for the door handle.

"What're you doing?" he demands. "I hailed this cab!"

Other stalls join the argument. You are surprised at first, then embarrassed, and finally angry. While all this is going on (the arm-grabbing bit is part of the jostling act) the wire has arranged for a further distribution of the national wealth. To add insult to injury, he may pop into the cab and order the driver to take him away from this display of ill breeding.

Not all pickpockets are men. One operation worked in movie theaters uses a girl for a stall. The wire spots you in the lobby buying a ticket and tucking your wallet into your back pocket. He follows you in. He lets you sit quietly for a while, getting absorbed in the film.

Now the girl enters the theater. She spots the wire and mark, and moves into your row. You jump to your feet to let her pass, but just to clinch things, she stumbles when she's directly in front of you. The pickpocket has risen, deftly lifted your wallet, and is out of the theater while you're still apologizing.

Pocket picking probably goes back to the first pair of pants. It was rewarded in Old England with the gallows. This punishment had little deterrent effect on the practice of the art; indeed, it often improved the pickpockets' prospects. When a hanging was scheduled, crowds would gather, and pickpockets enjoyed another smorgasbord.

You don't *have* to be a victim. Reasonable precautions will at least minimize the likelihood of your losing your money. 1. Never display a big roll of bills or a bulging wallet. 2. Carry your wallet in your inside jacket pocket. 3. Be suspicious in crowds. 4. If you are jostled, put your arm firmly to your side for the reassuring bulge of your wallet. Then keep it there. If your roll is in a side trouser pocket, keep a hand in it. 5. If you are a woman, never allow your purse to dangle loosely. Hold it close to your body with your hand over the clasp. Never put it down while shopping.



Archeology: the science of digging around to find another civilization to blame ours on. Morris Bender.

Recess For

*There is always one young prankster ready to play
bridal train with Sister's veil—while Sister is wearing it.*



Sister

Photographs by Robert Loufek



Equipped for any emergency, she works magic even on a dropped stitch.

For a nun, devoted to the quiet of convent life and the ordered discipline of the classroom, schoolyard recess time can be a mighty challenge. It is akin to uncorking Niagara Falls, braving a stampede, and listening to stereophonic sound backwards—all at one time. A playground Sister has to be many things—sentinel, scorekeeper, arbiter, confidante, emergency doctor, and ball pitcher. As these photographs show, playground Sisters meet the occasion magnificently.

She knows the rules of every game from Red Rover to Drop the Handkerchief, and the players' group that happens to include her considers itself a charmed circle, indeed.

She can give a lad in trouble new confidence with just a quiet word.



The little ones tug at her veil and beads. The big ones plead for help in the ball court. Without Sister standing by, recess time would be completely out of focus. The schoolyard may be dusty, noisy, big or small but in its midst, Sister remains an island of security.



Ordinary adults might complain about the shouts, shoves, and pushes, but Sister knows a tug of war can calm restless spirits.

Her last chore of a long day: to see her charges safely home.



Fiction

Thord's son brought his
father a true blessing

THE FATHER

By Björnstjerne Björnson

Reprinted from "Great Stories by Nobel Prize Winners"*

THE MAN whose story is here to be told was the wealthiest and most influential person in his parish; his name was Thord Overass. He appeared in the priest's study one day, tall and earnest.

*80 E. 11th St., New York City 3. © 1960 by the Noonday Press, and reprinted by permission of the American Scandinavian Foundation, 127 E. 73d St., New York City 21. 367 pp. \$1.95.

"I have gotten a son," said he, "and I wish to present him for Baptism."

"What shall his name be?"

"Finn—after my father."

"And the sponsors?"

They were mentioned, and proved to be the best men and women of Thord's relations in the parish.



"Is there anything else?" inquired the priest, and looked up.

The peasant hesitated a little. "I should like very much to have him baptized by himself," he said, finally.

"That is to say on a weekday?"

"Next Saturday, at 12 o'clock noon."

"Is there anything else?" inquired the priest.

"There is nothing else," and the peasant twirled his cap, as though he were about to go.

Then the priest rose. "There is yet this, however," said he, and walking toward Thord, he took him by the hand and looked gravely into his eyes. "God grant that the child may become a blessing to you!"

One day 16 years later, Thord stood once more in the priest's study.

"Really, you carry your age astonishingly well, Thord," said the priest, for he saw no change whatever in the man.

"That is because I have no troubles," replied Thord.

To this the priest said nothing, but after a while he asked, "What is your pleasure this evening?"

"I have come this evening about that son of mine who is to be Confirmed tomorrow."

"He is a bright boy."

"I did not wish to pay the priest until I heard what number the boy would have when he takes his place in church tomorrow."

"He will stand number one."

"So I have heard; and here are ten dollars for the priest."

Bjornstjerne Bjornson (1832-1910), Norwegian poet, dramatist, and novelist, was awarded the Nobel prize for literature in 1903.

"Is there anything else I can do for you?" inquired the priest.

"There is nothing else." Thord went out.

Eight years more rolled by, and then one day a noise was heard outside of the priest's study, for many men were approaching, and at their head was Thord, who entered first.

The priest looked up and recognized him. "You come well attended this evening, Thord," said he.

"I am here to request that the banns may be published for my son; he is about to marry Karen Storliden, daughter of Gudmund, who stands here beside me."

"Why, that is the richest girl in the parish."

"So they say," replied the peasant, stroking back his hair.

The priest sat a while as if in deep thought, then entered the names in his book, without making any comments, and the men wrote their signatures underneath. Thord laid three dollars on the table.

"One is all I am to have," said the priest.

"I know that very well; but he is my only child, and I want to do it handsomely."

The priest took the money. "This is now the third time, Thord, that you have come here on your son's account."

"But now I am through with him," said Thord, and folding up his pocketbook he said farewell.

A fortnight later, the father and son were rowing across the lake, one calm still day, to Storliden's to make arrangements for the wedding.

"This thwart is not secure," said the son, and stood up to straighten the seat on which he was sitting.

At the same moment the board he was standing on slipped from under him; he threw up his arms, uttered a shriek, and fell overboard.

"Take hold of the oar!" shouted the father, springing to his feet and holding out the oar. But when the son had made a couple of efforts, he grew stiff.

"Wait a moment!" cried the father, and began to row toward his son. Then the son rolled over on his back, gave his father one long look, and sank.

Thord could scarcely believe it; he held the boat still, and stared at the spot where his son had gone down, as though he must surely come to the surface again. There rose some bubbles, then some more, and finally one large one that burst; and the lake lay there as smooth and bright as a mirror again.

For three days and three nights people saw the father rowing round and round the spot, without taking either food or sleep; he was dragging the lake for the body of his son. And toward morning of the third day he found it; and carried it in his arms up over the hills to his *gard*.

It might have been about a year from that day, when the priest, late one autumn evening, heard someone in the passage outside the door, carefully trying to find the latch. The priest opened the door, and in walked a tall, thin man, with bowed form and white hair. The priest looked long at him before he recognized him. It was Thord.

"Are you out walking so late?" said the priest.

"Ah, yes, it is late," said Thord, and took a seat.

The priest sat down also, as though waiting. A long, long silence followed. At last Thord said: "I have something with me that I should like to give to the poor; I want it to be invested as a legacy in my son's name."

He rose, laid some money on the table, and sat down again. The priest counted it.

"It is a great deal of money," said he.

"It is half the price of my *gard*. I sold it today."

The priest sat long in silence. At last he asked, but gently: "What do you propose to do now, Thord?"

"Something better."

They sat there for a while, Thord with downcast eyes, the priest with his eyes fixed on Thord. Presently the priest said, slowly and softly: "I think your son has at last brought you a true blessing."

"Yes, I think so myself," said Thord, looking up, while two big tears coursed slowly down his cheeks.

Bill Powers of Rhode Island

By Charles McKivergan

*Condensed from
the "Holy Name Journal"**



William Edmonds Powers

FIRST order of business for the 1958 session of the Rhode Island General Assembly was the filling of a vacancy on the state supreme court. The legislature chose for the position a man who had been blind for 30 years: William Edmonds Powers, then in his 5th term as Rhode Island attorney general.

Bill Powers was born at Valley Falls, R.I., Dec. 18, 1907, when the nation was in the throes of a financial panic. By the time he was 13 and the carefree manager of the baseball team at St. Patrick's parochial school, the family had grown to include six more children. Bill's father, a house painter, and his mother managed to

●
*Blind at 20; state attorney
general at 41; state Supreme
Court justice at 51*
●

keep their family comfortable, but never with abundance.

When Bill was 14, his father died. Grief-stricken Bill quit school and went to work in a textile mill at Blackstone Valley at \$17 a week. His income provided the major support of his family. By the time he was 19, he had learned to operate a spinning machine. His pay had inched up to \$26 a week.

*141 E. 65th St., New York City 21. Dec. 11, 1960. © 1960, and reprinted with permission.

One day in June, 1927, Bill was tinkering with a radio. A wire snapped and pierced deep into his right eye. The infection it induced soon spread to the other eye (sympathetic ophthalmia, the doctors called it). Bill became totally blind. Talking about the accident a quarter of a century later, he remarked, "If research had reached its present stage at that time, I would not be blind today."

From childhood Bill had possessed an insatiable hunger for learning. He knew early that the likelihood of his getting more than elementary schooling was slim. The death of his father was the final blow to any hope of higher education. At least, it seemed so to him at the time. Following his eye accident, he learned that if he entered one of the institutions devoted to the rehabilitation of the blind and resumed his studies, he could make himself self-supporting.

Bill enrolled at the Perkins Institute for the Blind at Watertown, Mass. He remained three and one-half years. One of his teachers was a Miss Esther Johnson. She spent hours reading to him as he progressed from high-school to college subjects.

"She was the most wonderful of all the wonders I found at Perkins," he recalls. When he was guest in 1959 on TV's *This Is Your Life*, he said, "They told me at Perkins to get the best, and I did. I married Esther as soon as I could." Today they are the parents of two daugh-

ters (who are married and have a total of four children of their own) and a 13-year-old son, Michael.

At Perkins, Bill made up his mind to become a lawyer. He applied for admission at Boston university Law school and was accepted.

Esther Johnson acted as Bill's eyes all through law school. She read him every assignment. When he received his LL.B. (*magna cum laude*) in 1932, he ranked second in his class and was commencement orator.

Several months before he was graduated, Rhode Island adopted a requirement that applicants for the bar must have two years of college in addition to a law diploma. Since he could not meet this requirement, Bill decided to open an office in adjoining Massachusetts. He chose the town of Blackstone. In 1935 he was admitted to the Massachusetts bar, but maintained his residence in Rhode Island. He was appointed probate judge for Cumberland, R.I., and occupied that office for 13 years.

In 1936 he was a candidate for election to the Rhode Island House of Representatives. He was defeated. Undaunted, he tried again in 1938. This time he was elected to what turned out to be the first of five consecutive two-year terms. He headed important committees and maneuvered significant legislation. In time he rose to be deputy floor leader for his party.

Those who came to watch him in legislative action found his memory for names and voices phenome-

nal, his movements through the state-house corridors and conference rooms (with the aid of neither white cane nor dog) almost uncanny. His blindness was a handicap, but no real barrier.

He seldom mentioned his lack of sight; when he did, he would explain, "Eyesight just assists the mind. Soon your other faculties make up for its loss." Addressing the Providence Lions club, he said, "We blind pay a heavy price for the popular misconception that since we cannot do everything, we cannot do anything. We don't miss many of the things you think we do."

The superb artistry that Powers displayed as a legislator was the beginning of a parlay that carried him to the post of state attorney general and later to the seat which he now occupies on the state supreme court. Along the way he had one supreme stroke of luck. He was invited to join the law firm of Theodore Francis Green and J. Howard McGrath.

Green had been governor of Rhode Island for two terms. In 1936 he was elected U.S. senator from the state, an office he was to fill continuously until 1960, when he retired at the age of 92. McGrath also served as governor, and in 1946 joined Green in Washington as Rhode Island's junior senator. He resigned before the end of his Senate term to become U.S. attorney general under President Truman. Green and McGrath, two of the ablest political experts ever to come out of Rhode

Island, encouraged Powers' aspirations.

In 1946 Bill was admitted to the Rhode Island bar. Later he won the right to practice before the U.S. Supreme Court.

Although he probably could have remained in the state legislature as long as he wished, he risked his whole future in public service by choosing to be a candidate for the office of state attorney general in 1948. The gamble paid off. He piled up the largest plurality ever received by a candidate for that office. Thereafter he was among the top vote getters; he was reelected four times.

From the start he was a state prosecutor with strong convictions. "The public must understand that the guilty as well as the innocent must be protected," he told the Woonsocket, R.I., Kiwanians, in explaining his recommendation of reduced sentences in some criminal cases. Again, defending his frequent recommendation of deferred sentences, he declared, "In Rhode Island deferred sentences have proved better than 90% effective in keeping defendants out of further trouble with the law."

Bill also showed a readiness to admit mistakes. When convinced he had committed a blunder, he would observe ruefully, "Well, at least my hindsight is 20-20."

For two decades Powers probably attended more Rhode Island banquets than any other public servant.

His face became the best-known in the state. His sense of humor and ability as a storyteller placed him in demand as a toastmaster.

His recreations are like those of many other men. Many evenings his wife reads to him; at one time he devoured mystery stories at the rate of two a week. Sometimes he plays cards with sighted friends, using a Braille deck. He likes to listen to baseball and football radio broadcasts. During some years he traveled to Boston to "see" as many as 25 major-league baseball games during a season.

When he was sworn in as a member of the state supreme court, the ceremony took place in the same courtroom in which he had been admitted to the Rhode Island bar 12 years earlier. Many eyes grew misty when Chief Justice Francis B. Condon welcomed him with the words, "May almighty God, the fountain-head of all justice, grant you all the wisdom and the graces necessary to consider wisely and decide justly the manifold and sometimes difficult problems of a judge."

His eyes as a judge are the eyes of Mrs. Olive Higgins, his loyal secretary for many years. At home his wife reads briefs to him and takes his dictation.

Since his elevation to his state's highest judicial body, he has appeared less often at public affairs, although he keeps his membership in the Elks and is a 4th-degree Knight of Columbus. Two years ago

Boston university awarded him an honorary LL.D.

Last year, as the first blind person on *This Is Your Life*, he was completely fooled for perhaps the only time in his life. Lured to the West Coast by a spurious invitation to appear on a panel discussion for the Braille Institute of America, he thought he was taking a break when he entered the television studio. "This is for sure?" he asked when Ralph Edwards picked him out of the audience and led him to the stage. His mother, 83, came on the stage to share the national TV spotlight with him.

Next to family and work, his greatest interest is welfare of the blind. "The government," he told the Providence Businessmen's post of the American Legion, "is faced with the prospect of either teaching the blind to run their own lives or supporting them with tax dollars."

"The blind would rather earn their own living and make a contribution to the community than accept charity," he reminded a group at Marblehead, Mass. He is a director of the National Council to Combat Blindness.

Pope John pointed out last year to the delegates of the World Council for the Welfare of the Blind, "The blind are called upon to fulfill a beneficent apostolate of good example." A few months later Bill was telling the members of the Woonsocket Trinity club, "I have been satisfied with life, and happy."



First Rider of the Devil's Highway

By Weldon F. Heald

Condensed from "Desert Magazine"*

*Father Kino's trail blazing through the Arizona-Sonora
desert was incidental to his 35 major "entradas"*

MARCH 15, 1961, marks the 250th anniversary of the death of Father Eusebio Francisco Kino, who penetrated the arid wilderness of northern Sonora and southern Arizona and almost single-handedly planted the seeds of civilization there. Where Father Kino went, divided highways now follow. The heroic black-robed Jesuit looms large in our American past as a

champion of God and as a man of action.

But what is planned by way of celebration on March 15 to honor our most distinguished founding father? I decided to find out. I could visualize a color-splashed series of pageants, Indian ceremonials, Mexican fiestas, and religious services—even perhaps a commemorative stamp issued by the Post Office de-

*Palm Desert, Calif. December, 1960. © 1960 by Desert Magazine, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

partment; 1961 would be a Kino year in Arizona, for sure.

The Tucson area was the scene of much of the great padre's spiritual and temporal labors, so I called on five organizations which represent the religious, cultural, economic, and tourist activities of the city. At the first I was told that they knew of no plans whatever. The priest at San Xavier del Bac, Kino's most famous mission, said no particular observances had been scheduled. The mission is now Franciscan. At St. Augustin's cathedral they said that it was too early to know; and at the fourth place I was informed that nothing had been planned.

I called the office of the tourist organization, and the personable young secretary offered to help me—but as she had never heard of Kino, she said she would have her boss call me back as soon as he returned.

But this indifference shouldn't have surprised me. It's typical. The sole "Kino" listed in encyclopedias is an astringent drug obtained in East India. And only three rather insignificant Southwestern geographical features are named for him: Kino bay and Puerto Kino on the Sonora coast of the Gulf of California and the 4200-foot Kino peak in southern Arizona's Growler range.

North of the border there is but a single modest monument raised to Kino's memory. It stands unobtrusively in a little park back of Tucson's City Hall. The memorial was erected in 1936, and consists of an

oblong block of dark lava rocks, with a bronze plaque showing Father Kino striding across the desert in his long robes, led by an Indian boy. The artist must have been unaware of the fact that he was depicting the tireless Padre on Horseback, whose equestrian exploits equaled or surpassed those of the best cowpokes who ever raised Arizona dust.

In fact, for more than two centuries the name of Kino and his activities in the Southwest were more legend than history. No picture or likeness of him had survived; no book had been written on his life; no exhaustive studies made of his remarkable achievements, nor any detailed chronicle of what he had actually accomplished. While Coronado, de Anza, and Father Serra grew in fame, Father Kino's brilliant light became dimmer as the years went by.

Then suddenly in the 1930's three eminent historians clearly revealed the true greatness and commanding stature of this extraordinary missioner, explorer, scholar, and empire builder.

They were the University of Arizona's Frank C. Lockwood, Herbert E. Bolton of the University of California, and Peter Masten Dunne at the University of Santa Clara. As early as 1919 Professor Bolton translated and edited the padre's own narrative as *Kino's Historical Memoir of Pimeria Alta*. This monumental two-volume work gives a description of the topography, plant and animal

NEW HONORS

Father Kino will probably enter the Hall of Fame in the U. S. Capitol soon. The Arizona Historical foundation, recently established, has voted that such a statue be commissioned for presentation to the Statuary Hall. Sen. Barry Goldwater, foundation president, said he would introduce federal legislation necessary for acceptance of the statue. Each state is allowed two figures in the Hall of Fame; Father Kino would be Arizona's second, joining Gen. John C. Greenway of the 1st World War.

life, and natives of northern Sonora and southern Arizona.

Pimeria Alta—the Upper Country of the Pima Indians—was Kino's vast field of activity. It stretched 250 miles east to west and 200 miles from the Gila river southward.

But the two popular and definitive books on Kino are Lockwood's *With Padre Kino on the Trail*, published in 1934, and Bolton's *Rim of Christendom*, which appeared two years later. Both are based upon thorough research among original sources, and Bolton personally followed Kino's trails and visited the sites of all his missions. They make fascinating reading for those interested in the background of the desert Southwest. Father Dunne's contribution was to place Kino accurately in the long procession of Jesuits who carried the

cross through the barbarian lands of northern Mexico to the shores of the Pacific in Baja California.

Because of this historical triple grand slam, we now know almost every detail of Kino's life.

He was born on Aug. 10, 1645, of German-Italian background, in the little Tirolese hill town of Segno, 18 miles north of Trent, Italy. The Italian form of his name is Chini, and members of his family still live in the community.

Young Eusebio was well educated, having attended five south-German universities. His proficiency in mathematics gained him the offer of a professorship at Freiburg. But after an illness and wondrous recovery, he adopted Francis Xavier, Apostle of the Indies, as his patron saint, and entered the Society of Jesus in 1665. From then on he burned with unquenchable missionary zeal and constantly petitioned superiors for assignment to the wild frontiers of Christianity.

Kino's wish was finally granted, and he sailed from Cadiz, Spain, for Mexico in 1681. His first labors in the New World were in Lower California, where the Spanish attempted to plant colonies and missions. Because of international politics and other matters beyond Kino's control, the project was abandoned by order of the king, and he was transferred to northwestern Mexico.

There, on the outer fringe of civilization, Kino established his headquarters, Mission Nuestra Señora de

los Dolores, in 1687. The site is a hilltop beside the San Miguel river, about 20 miles east of the present Sonora city of Magdalena, but no sign of the mission remains today.

At that time this was the end of the road—northward in all directions stretched an utter wilderness of deserts and rugged mountain ranges, unknown, and inhabited only by Indians. The region is still in a sense "Father Kino's country," for in his 24 years of ceaseless activity he pioneered there the main routes of travel we use today, and laid the foundations for many of our leading communities.

Historian Bolton mapped 35 major journeys, or *entradas*, made by Kino through Pimeria Alta. They followed down the Santa Cruz, San Pedro, and Gila rivers westward to the site of Yuma and across the Colorado river. He also blazed the fiendish short cut across the desert along the Arizona-Sonora line, still known as *El Camino del Diablo* (the Devil's highway). According to one authority, between 3,000 and 4,000 travelers have since died on this trail from hunger, thirst, and fatigue.

Alone or accompanied by friendly Indian guides, and sometimes with a small military escort, the invincible padre rode the Rim of Christendom for God and the King of Spain. Kino's four-legged journeys were prodigious, and even his horses must have sensed the epic nature of his errands. In 1695, when 51 years of age, he covered 1,500 miles in 53

days. Two years later he made a trip of 700 miles in 30 days, and in 1700 he traveled 1,000 miles in 26 days, for an average of 40 miles a day. Once, between sunrise and sunset, he rode more than 75 miles in response to an urgent message from a brother priest.

But besides being one of our foremost early explorers, Father Kino achieved international fame as a cartographer, and his maps gave the first accurate delineation of the whole region. To him also belongs the credit for discovering that California is not an island, as was supposed, and for finding a practical land route from northern Mexico to the Pacific coast.

However, the great-hearted padre made his major exploration among human souls. Wherever he went he preached to the Pimas, Papagos, Cocopas, Maricopas, and Yumas in their own languages, and he personally baptized 4,500 Indians. He established 25 missions—more than one a year—and many smaller *visitas* in the native villages.

He taught his converts how to plant wheat, maize, beans, and melons—and even furnished the Indian women with recipes for making bread and tortillas. He also brought in the first fowl, sheep, goats, cattle, and horses. In fact, Kino introduced large-scale stock raising, becoming Arizona's first "cattle king," with prosperous ranches totaling hundreds of thousands of acres. When San Xavier del Bac was

started he was able to stock it with 700 head of domestic animals.

For a quarter of a century on the remote frontier of New Spain, Father Kino was builder, statesman, teacher, rancher, student, writer, and priest. A small band of stalwart Jesuits assisted him. But there were never enough and he constantly petitioned for more.

Three Kino missions were located in the Santa Cruz river valley in what is now Arizona. First was Guevavi, founded in 1692 eight miles north of present Nogales. It was devastated by the marauding Apaches in 1773. The ruins are barely traceable today.

The second mission, Tumacacori, established in 1697, still stands beside U.S. Highway 89, 17 miles north of Nogales. No sign of Kino's original church remains, and the present building, dedicated in 1822, is in partial ruins. Tumacacori, now preserved as a national monument, is an impressive structure, 100 feet long and more than 40 feet wide, with adobe walls six feet thick. At the monument entrance the Park Service has built a museum which houses exhibits pertaining to the early days of the mission and the life of Father Kino.

Nine miles south of Tucson stands by far the best known of all Kino's missions, San Xavier del Bac, founded in 1700. It seemed to be closest to the padre's heart. When there he became Arizona's first enthusiastic booster and predicted that someday

a great city would rise nearby. The 1960 census figures have proved Kino to have been a true prophet. However, as at Tumacacori, he never saw the present establishment. After the Jesuits were expelled from Mexico in 1767, the mission passed to the Franciscans, who completed a new church in 1797. Called the White Dove of the Desert, it is considered today to be the most beautiful of all Spanish missions in the U.S.

Situated in a reservation of Papago Indians, San Xavier del Bac is still active, and ministers to the descendants of its original communicants. They serve as choir, altar boys, decorators, and janitors. Men outstanding for their good deeds are annually chosen as the "Twelve Apostles," and are the mission's leaders and deacons for the following year. The ceremony of their installation occurs over the vigil and the feast of St. Francis Xavier, Dec. 2, 3, and 4. This is the mission's big fiesta and is a picturesque event worth going far to see.

The Tucson Festival society has developed a brilliant pageant which is held each April at San Xavier. There are bonfires in the plaza, fireworks, religious processions, dancing, and feasting. In 1961 the festivities are scheduled for April 7, and I hope that some special observances in honor of the mission's distinguished founder will be included. Such would be particularly fitting at San Xavier. The Papagos are pecu-

liarily Father Kino's people, for they have continued to this day the customs and ceremonies their ancestors learned from the great padre.

Iron men are not really made of iron. On March 15, 1711, while dedicating a new chapel at Mission Santa Maria Magdalena, Father Kino became ill. He died a few hours later. He was 65 years old. History gives no details, so we can only conclude that he was simply worn out from

years of constant self-sacrificing service to his fellow men. He was buried in the chapel beside an image of St. Francis Xavier, who had been the guiding inspiration of his life.

We have made fetishes of our early Western gun slingers. But they were second-string people compared to the padres, like Kino, when it came to courage, fortitude, and stamina, in addition to zeal for God's greater glory.



HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

For the last few months of the Korean War, I was a chaplain's assistant. The chaplain frequently received packages from his mother containing food, magazines, writing paper, and soap. He seldom kept anything himself, but would distribute the things among the various units. After I became his assistant, he would turn the packages over to me, and I would distribute them among the men. I would tell him later how glad the fellows were to get those scarce items, and he would include their thanks in his next letter to his mother.

After the chaplain was shipped back to the States, I received another package from his mother. After I passed out the contents, I removed the return address from the wrappings. This time I wanted to thank her personally.

Then I was transferred to another unit, and in the process missed payday. However, the next month I was paid my regular pay in full, but no combat pay, the bonus paid to those on the front line during the shooting. I inquired about the matter, and was told that I would need an officer's statement verifying my combat status.

Hostilities had ceased months before, and most of the officers who knew me had returned to the states. The HQ company offered to let me look up the forwarding address of my chaplain, but there was none listed.

I was heartbroken. I had been saving for college, and the combat pay, a substantial sum, might make all the difference whether I would get there or not. Then I remembered that I still had the address of my chaplain's mother. I wrote to her, was put in touch with him, and eventually received those most necessary dollars.

Frank Hauser.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

Make a clear distinction between
sacraments and social events

Invitations With Meaning

By Tim Lewis
*Condensed from "Pastoral Life"**

AS A PRINTER I have become accustomed to scrutinize with a thorough eye every printed invitation that I handle. I examine the choice of type face, the taste in page make-up, quality of printing, and colors, inks, and paper stock. Only recently did it occur to me to scan critically the editorial contents.

The usual wedding invitation runs something like this: "Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Smith request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter Mary to John . . ."—you know the rest. It lacks originality, freshness, religious taste, and sentiment.

Marriage is a sacrament, and as such is a sacred ceremony. Therefore, the whole tone of an invitation to a marriage for life in Jesus Christ should be sacred even to the very choice of words. Since it is an invitation to such a godly event, it seems reasonable that it should at least mention God's name.

In a recent Philippine magazine I saw a good example of a "Catholic invitation." It ran like this: "With gratitude to God, Mr. and Mrs. Francisco D. Marcial and Mr. and Mrs. James M. Claro have the honor

and joy of announcing that their children Margarita and James, Jr., will be united for life in Jesus Christ in the Holy Sacrament of Matrimony at Holy Rosary Church at seven o'clock Mass, Sunday the sixteenth of June, 1957. The Nuptial Blessing will be imparted by the Reverend Juan de la Cruz. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will consecrate to God the offering of their hearts and home for life. It gives them particular pleasure to invite you to assist at the Sacred Ceremony, to receive Holy Communion with them at Holy Mass, and to join your own prayers with theirs that God



*2187 Victory Blvd., Staten Island 14, N.Y. November-December, 1960. © 1960 by the Society of St. Paul, and reprinted with permission.

will bless abundantly their years of married life."

Granted, this is a little longer than the usual invitation and perhaps sounds more like an Ordination invitation, but you may be sure that if you use it most reactions will be good. One sender of such an invitation told me, "All week long my friends have been calling me on the phone or stopping me in the street to say that my daughter's marriage invitation was the most beautiful thing they had ever received."

Birth announcements should also read like something more than a statistics column from your daily newspaper. It's true, the birth announcement hasn't become as personalized (or formalized) as the wedding invitation. But it might, if people didn't so easily content themselves with scrabbling at the five-and-dime counter.

Most of these printed, fill-in-the-blanks announcements rattle along like this. "Willie Jr., made his debut in the world, with sparkling blue eyes, weighing 8 pounds, February 29, 1960. The proud parents are Mr. and Mrs. Willie Williams."

Study this or similar messages

which are dreamed up for mass production. After all, one could compile statistics similar to those above for a newborn calf. But little Junior is actually made to the image and likeness of God and has an immortal soul. It shouldn't matter at all whether the newcomer is on the scrawny side, or if his eyes are not of forget-me-not blue.

A friend recently showed me a birth announcement which arrived from Spain from a proud for-the-fifth-time father. The card had a simple line illustration of four children gathered around the crib of the fifth and newest arrival.

"José Francesca has seen the light of day, October 2, 1958, and was made a Son of God and member of the Church with the reception of Holy Baptism, October 9, administered by Father Carlos Fernandez at St. Joseph's Church. The Godparents, Emanuel Gonzalez and Maria Lucia Ares, made the profession of faith for him. The parents, Mr. and Mrs. José Larrera, are happy to announce this joyous event. Pray that he be a good Christian."

This puts little José more in his true Christian light.



FOREIGN ENTANGLEMENTS

As I was working on my lawn last summer, I noticed our neighbors' five-year-old boy playing on their front porch. Presently, a door-to-door salesman approached and, seeing the boy, inquired, "Say, youngster, is your mother engaged?" Little Peter looked up at the man solemnly, thought a minute, then replied, "I think she's married."

Ernie Kerns.

Our Dear, Dear Children

By Katharine M. Byrne

Condensed
from "America"*

CONSIDER THESE melancholy lines sent to "Janice Langley," a columnist who writes for the *Young Catholic Messenger*. "I am a girl of 11. I love a boy but he doesn't show much interest in me. Sometimes I wonder is it because I am ugly or is it my personality?"

When I was 11 the same question occurred to me. I was in love with a handsome, sullen-eyed blond creature who slouched in the 6th seat in the 5th row in the 7th grade, and did not return my interest. Nor did I blame him. I was several inches taller than he, wore black-rimmed glasses (always a little off center), and had recently fallen down the church steps and landed on my left front tooth.

Accepting, with poor grace, the realities of my social condition, I sought solace in books. I cried my way through *David Copperfield* and



What teen-agers
write to a "love-
lorn" column

ten or 12 volumes of the life and hard times of Elsie Dinsmore. I don't remember ever discussing my "problem" with anyone, and I know that I didn't write a letter to a newspaper

about it. Today I could have summoned a host of experts to my side, each for the price of a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

"Janice Langley" is a minor member of the sisterhood who offer a vicarious shoulder for young teens to cry on. (There are also a few male practitioners, usually aging adolescent singers or disk jockeys suffering from fallen Trend ratings.) Her column attempts to purvey a light line of hortative fare attractive to youthful customers. Typically it carries such titles as "Please Don't Step Over the Garbage," "Yesterday's Hula Hoop," "How Old is 13?" and "Charity Is More Than a Mission-

*329 W. 108th St., New York City 25. Dec. 10, 1960. © 1960 by America Press, and reprinted with permission.

Bank Nickel." The columnist also answers questions sent in by her readers: pre-teens and young teens rushing, being rushed, or (rarely) dragging their feet on the way to adult status.

Opening and answering "Janice's" mail for the last two years has been an interesting experience. Her correspondents represent a very special segment of the letters-to-editors writing public. All are Catholic children; the great majority are girls; and probably 95% attend Catholic schools. The letters are unsolicited, unassigned (often unsigned), and uninhibited. What the writers have to say reflects some of their fears, anxieties, questionings, and opinions. Here are clues to the nature of their vision of, or quarrel with, the world they live in.

Many contain questions about the trappings dearest to the hearts of growing females: lipstick, heels, and nylons. Other questions have to do with the desire to be accepted, at least, and admired, if possible.

Here are a few samples pulled from the bushel basket. Only the names have been withheld "to protect the innocent."

"I am (or was) a popular girl. I helped my exgirlfriend become popular, like I was. Now she has stolen my boyfriend. What shall I do? His name is Gorman Grady."

"Is it proper for a girl of 12½ in the 7th grade to go to the movies with a boy of the same age? I have never been myself or even been asked for

that matter but would like to know in case the occasion may arrive sometime."

"What can I do? All the boys in my neighborhood call me Cock-rough."

"This girl is not what you would call pretty but she takes all our boy-friends. She wears bracelets and jingling necklaces so we kinda think thats the reason. Would you please inform us what you think is the reason?"

"If a boy who is nice, polite, but not a Catholic and he gives you a dog tag is it all right to keep it till he doesn't like you anymore?"

"Our Sister is always breaking couples. I am 13 and my girl is 12. Will you please advise her that a Sister's job is to teach and not to be a couple-breaker?"

"The girl's mother who was running this skating party said that every boy should pick a girl for a partner and nobody picked me. My mother says oh don't let it bother you but wouldn't it?"

"I am not very popular and would like to be popular. I am a little chubby and boys don't like me. Do you think if I had an inexpensive but nice party . . .?"

The letters range from rude and illiterate scrawls to well-mannered and thoughtful messages; from tentative and deferential notes to defiant ones with epithets spilling over onto the backs of the envelopes. ("You're such a creep nobody would ever ask you to a party!") Other writers sound

like urbane and patient adults trying to reason with a dull-witted child. ("Try to realize that life is quite different from the way it was when you were young." Or, "Apparently you had a warped childhood, but please try not to take it out on us.")

The column really got down to cases with the publication of a letter asking about dates and boy-girl parties for 7th graders. "Janice," in accord with several diocesan directives and the opinions of many Catholic sociologists and educators, urged that such parties, unless parish-and-parent sponsored and with the whole class invited, are not for 12-year-olds. She added that dates for grade-schoolers are out, entirely.

This brought on a letter from "Discusted 7th Grader," a gay girl who has been dating for a year, wears spike heels and mascara, and wants it known that she and her friends "are not babies and don't intend to be treated like ones neither. Your a old fashion fool Ha Ha." A great sack of mail followed this letter, and much of it, as one writer so deftly put it, "holored harah for the one who tole you off."

As I read these letters, I had many occasions to recall anthropologist Margaret Mead's paper *The Young Adult*, prepared for the White House Conference on Children and Youth in the 1960's. In her searching analysis of the contemporary social scene as it concerns our adolescents, Dr. Mead sees very little to give comfort to anxious elders.

She finds among American young persons a general satisfaction with short-term goals, a lowered level of intellectual aspiration, an unwillingness to wait for what they want, and an insistence that all the goods of the material world shall come their way *now*. She finds that the "social anxieties found 25 years ago only among the poor and disorganized parts of society have spread upward, with parents heaving sighs of relief when sons and daughters are 'safely married.'" Widespread patterns of early mate selection and parentally approved "going steady" create a situation in which a girl of 14 to 16 is responsible for obtaining and hanging on to a suitable male. You may find even an 8th-grade girl, abetted by her mother, bent on nailing down a high-school junior.

Father John L. Thomas, S.J., and others writing in columns widely syndicated in the Catholic press, have spoken sharply against all the elements in this picture, including the vicarious social triumphs of the ambitious middle-class mother. But some Catholic parents have not yet got the message, as is evident from these excerpts from their children's letters.

"You are insaine. My girl friend's mother says what partys a party without boys?"

"What right or superiority do you have to tell us what to do? What do you think our parents are for? My mother knows the boys I go with and she thinks they're cute. So hows that

for beans in your bonnet? Blast off you old baddleax."

"Even my mother thinks 7th grade is old enough for dates and parties."

"You make me sick. You and all the other people who think they're doing something for our own good when they are only making things harder for us. My father and I are sick of these priests trying to run our lives after school."

"There's been a lot of commotion about parties at our school. I personally feel, and my parents agree, that parties teach us how to get along with each other good."

"The school is nuts. It's our own business and our parents business if we have dates and parties."

"I have been attending a charm and modeling school. My parents realize how important it is to be able to meet boys without being self-conscious."

"Just because you are still a miss doesn't mean you have to feel sorry for yourself and paw off your old maid advise on us. Our parents will tell us what to do. If you didn't have any mixed fun when you were in seventh grade its to bad you didn't see a pschyatrist before it got to late. (Signed) The Bell of the Ball."

Other letters repeated, with variations, the theme of parental support for, or initiation of, a thriving pre-teen social life. The letters came from "good" addresses, supporting Margaret Mead's point that it is now not only the distressed elements of the community which are anxious to

crowd out the young who clutter up the nest.

Nevertheless, a handful stand firm on the side of what Dr. Mead nostalgically calls the "routine virtues." They prove that there are still some young persons not being pressured and not exerting pressure, children amenable to direction and to rules, and being given some to live by.

"I am 13 and enjoy staying young. I don't want to wear nylons or high heals or lipstick. My friends make fun of me and call me baby because I am not interested in boys or lipstick or nylons or high heals and I like Mozart."

"I wear flats and have never had a date. So what? Some of these people who want to live their own lifes will end up with a warden running it for them."

"If you start dating at 13 you are going steady at 14 and engaged at 15. At 16 you might be married and at 17 you might wish you weren't. Slow down. You've got lots of life to live."

"I guess most kids would call us square, but we are not allowed . . ."

If this were a respectable scientific inquiry, I would now throw the torch or point the way to the next investigator. The paragraph would be called "Need for Further Research." And it *would* be interesting to find out, with statistical embellishment, the extent to which the young Catholic population reflects or denies the current patterns of late-teen marriage, young-teen "going steady," and pre-teen dating.

"Need for Education" is indicated, also, since the necessity for knowing more about the nature, needs, and goals of maturing children is hinted—or even "holored"—in some of their letters to a stranger. What is a 13-year-old? What are the perquisites appropriate to this stage of life? Perhaps the local home-and-school group should forgo the free cooking demonstration in favor of some in-

formative discussions under competent leadership. These letters prove that beneath the look of trench-coat-sweat-sox-and-dirty-gym-shoe identity (to say nothing of the illusion of mild-mannered acquiescence fostered by all those immaculate blouses and blue uniforms) there exists among Catholic children, and their parents, a diversity of opinion on some important subjects.



NEW WORDS FOR YOU

By G. A. CEVASCO

The best way to improve your vocabulary is to read widely, paying attention to prefixes, roots, and suffixes that combine to form the words of our language.

Dia- is a Greek prefix meaning through, across. Note its use in the dozen words below. Then see if you can match the two columns.

Column A

1. *diameter*
2. *diathermy*
3. *dialogue*
4. *diaphragm*
5. *diadem*
6. *diacritical*
7. *diagram*
8. *diaphanous*
9. *diagonal*
10. *dianoetic*
11. *diagnosis*
12. *diatribe*

Column B

- a) Running across from corner to corner.
- b) Treatment which sends heat through an afflicted area of the body.
- c) Symbol used "across" a letter or syllable to indicate form or sound.
- d) Abusive criticism; "to rub through"; denunciation.
- e) Recognition of disease through symptoms; critical scrutiny.
- f) Thin partition; membrane that separates the chest from the abdomen.
- g) Thickness; length of a straight line through center of an object.
- h) Conversational element in a literary work; "talking across."
- i) Crown; an ornamental band worn across the head.
- j) Relating to reasoning; "to think through."
- k) Explanatory chart or graph; to mark across with lines.
- l) Transparent; "to show through"; translucent.

(Answers on page 109)

the Catholic Digest

FAMILY SHOPPER

by Cathy Connolly



Mrs. Douglas J. Baldwin
1926 Apple Valley Road
Rockland, Connecticut

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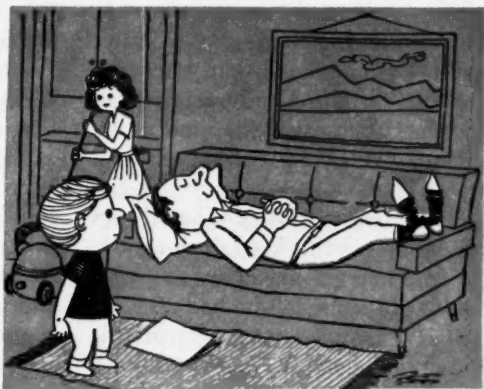
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How Not to Do-It-Yourself

By Fritz Wilkinson
Condensed from "Cosmopolitan"

"Man who is all thumbs
never has to lift finger"



WE LIVE in an age when a person has to be successful at almost everything. The housewife must also be chauffeur, child psychologist, mechanic, and efficiency expert. The man of the house must be money-maker, executive, gardener, carpenter, electrician, plumber, auto mechanic. Responsibilities multiply, nerves wear thin, tranquilizer sales soar, but man must go on and on and become a bad life-insurance risk.

I read countless articles about our rat-race perils. All are written by eminent somebodies. Some say *Do*, and some say *Don't*. Some say to be careful; some, to live it up.

I am an eminent nobody, but I know the answer. Everybody is try-

ing too hard to be a success. The answer lies in being a failure.

The inspiration for my discovery came from my Uncle Fletcher. I want to give credit where credit is due, not that he ever did anything to deserve it. In point of fact, my Uncle Fletcher never did *anything*, and a happier man I have yet to see.

I was going along as usual, in my own miserable way, when my wife said something about not knowing where I got my sour disposition. (At the time, I was fixing the washing machine for the fifth time that week. My wife didn't know what was the matter with it. She had only loaded it with six blankets.)

She said that I certainly couldn't

*57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City 19. December, 1960. © 1960 by the Hearst Corp., and reprinted with permission.

have *inherited* my sour disposition; why just look at my Uncle Fletcher! He, she continued, was the sweetest, best-natured man she had ever met.

This got me to thinking. After a while, it dawned on me what my Uncle Fletcher had that I didn't have. I remembered that whenever anybody in the family referred to Fletcher, they usually wound up by saying, "Why, he can't even boil water."

There were a lot of other things he couldn't do. To keep the list short, he couldn't get ahead in business: he has the same job he had 20 years ago. He couldn't mow a lawn: the only time he did it, he mowed down all of my aunt's border flowers. He couldn't change a fuse: the only time he did it, the lights were out for a week. As for doing dishes, the first time he did them, he broke almost all of Aunt Harriet's best tea service.

As I wrote down Uncle Fletcher's nonachievements, I noticed that I kept putting in, "The only time he did it. . . ." It was this little phrase that made me certain that I was onto something really big!

I am now as smiling and cheerful as my uncle, and you can be, too! My wife doesn't look quite as glum as Aunt Harriet, but that will come in time.

My theory can be expressed in a formula:
$$\frac{E^2 + CS}{NCD} = H.$$

Let E stand for energy; CS, common sense; NCD, no-can-do; and H, happiness. Or, to put it in a nutshell, if any-

thing has to be done, don't do it well.

The world is filled with eager beavers trying to do things better than you. They're even willing to do them *for* you. Confucius say, "Man who is all thumbs never has to lift finger."

Now everybody wants to help me, and nobody is gunning for my job. I've weathered three reorganizations at the office. The plum jobs have all been grabbed off and are still being fought for. But mine is one that nobody wants, and I still have it!

Around the office, the right attitude is one of helplessness and willingness. Helplessness is like catnip to your fellow workers. Most of them are eager to show how much smarter they are than you are. You must appear both willing and helpless, and you'll find the combination irresistible.

When you are asked to donate to an office collection, always seem to be generous. A good method is to fish through your pockets very slowly, muttering, "I know I have it here someplace." Then you finally come up with a carefully folded \$5 bill. Make it a five, because someday the collection might be for you, and this tags you as being bighearted.

Holding onto the bill very carefully, but at the same time offering it, you continue, "I guess it'll be all right to put Mazie's operation off for another week." This gambit will bring tears to all eyes, and will get you out of the collection. Maybe somebody will take up one for you.

When the boss drops a load of work on your desk, stuff that has to be out before quitting time or else, take it in your stride. Just stare at it for a while. Then sigh and say, "It's a shame the whole office will have to suffer just because I can't get this out on time."

You will soon have the whole force rallying around you. The work will be done, and, more important, you won't have done it!

It is more or less understood that a certain amount of work has to be done in order to hold a job. The idea is to keep this to a minimum and still get paid. One sure-fire way to keep in the good graces of the boss is always to look busy. Most of the standard methods are known to everybody, so I won't go into them here. There is one item that most workers overlook, however, and that is the coffee break.

Everybody takes a coffee break. This little recess has now become a fixed part of the American working day. But with my theory, you *don't* take a coffee break. This is the time for you to say that you're too busy, and do your work for the day. With nobody else working, you'll be noticed by the boss. The fact that you don't do anything for the rest of the day will never be noticed. From then on, all the extra work will go to those who have nothing else to do except drink coffee.

"Let me help you with that." Here is a perfect way to establish willingness. You're a good guy who will

go out of the way to do a favor. From now on, everybody will try to help you, too. But remember, when you make this first offer, whatever you do, *don't do it well!* Your next offer will be politely refused, but you'll still be labeled as a good guy.

A loan until payday is an easy situation to handle. Counter with, "I was just going to ask you the same thing." You haven't refused, and at the same time you have stuck to your "no-can-do" principles.

The home is fertile territory for practicing my theory. "Let me do that, it's a man's job," or, "I'd like to give you a hand with that but . . ." are both good openers, and you'll have to use them only once for each chore.

When it came to doing the dishes, everything was easy, because I had Uncle Fletcher's path to follow. Breaking a few of the best ones the first time around is fairly obvious, but it works. A more subtle approach is to do a poor job: bits of egg between the tines of the forks is good. Bad rinsing, so that the next day everything tastes of soap, is also a bull's-eye. Dizzy spells, detergent allergies, or mass breakage are all a little heavy-handed for my personal taste.

Don't overdo! Remember that there's always an easy way out, and it's up to you to find it.

Pantomime will sometimes spark things. I once walked down my driveway armed only with a hammer and saw. Within minutes three of

the neighbors were telling me that what I was going to do was going to be done wrong, and that they would be glad to do it right for me. I was intending to put up a birdhouse, and wound up with a fully finished dormer on my home, wiring and plumbing included. This type of thing is a bonanza that you don't run into every day, but it can happen.

There isn't one man, woman, or child in our neighborhood who doesn't know more about how to do anything than I do. But who's lying in the hammock while his lawn's being mowed, his trees pruned, his house painted, and his flower beds weeded?

On the care of a lawn, my uncle's method of cutting a swath through the flowers the first time out was good enough for me. I haven't had to mow the lawn since. Wrecking the mower on a large rock and leaving it out in the rain are also good, although I have never tried them. A lot of these methods have to be tailored to fit your own family, so think things over carefully before you make your first bungle.

Here are a few schemes I have tested and found to be successful.

Replacing a fuse. Try a loud yell from the cellar, followed by plunging the house into darkness.

Putting up storm windows. A simulated dizzy spell at the top of the ladder will usually turn the trick.

Doing the family shopping. Inability to read shopping lists, or loss

thereof, works well. Chronic substitution is also good, such as peas for corn, prune juice for lemonade, tripe for round steak.

Fixing the plumbing. Tracking muddy footprints through the house is a good way to begin. Then try using bath towels for rags. Another good method is to turn a dripping faucet into a diversionary deluge. As a last resort, try to borrow a neighbor's tools. He'll gladly do the job for you, unless he, too, has read this.

Cooking while the wife's away. Do a dry run just before she leaves, and remark how everything wouldn't have been so raw if you had remembered to light the gas after you'd turned it on (recommended 100%).

Moving the furniture. Be willing, but have your own ideas about where it should be moved, and stubbornly stick to them.

General fixing. Go at things eagerly, but use the best silver for tools—knives for screwdrivers, forks for pries, and spoons for glue. (Also, try to lose a vital part of whatever you're working on: 85% effective.)

Committee work. When my wife approaches me to help on some committee or another, I always eagerly respond, "I've been hoping you'd ask me; there are a lot of mighty attractive women in that group!" (One hundred per cent, needless to say.)

"Keeping up with the Joneses." This problem has many facets, but thus far I have been able to meet them all. After I was asked, "Why

can't you be nice and neat like the men in our neighborhood?" I suggested to them individually that they dress more comfortably, as I did. They now are bigger slobs than I.

To keep up with your neighbors, let them do for you. My car is the shiniest one on the block, thanks to my neighbors wanting to sell me on their particular brand of car wax. I had the same experience with snow removal. My friends are proud of their power equipment, and do my

sidewalk to show off. I'm the only homeowner with a driveway shoveled four times in one week. My house is freshly painted. Does it matter that it was done with seven different brands of paint?

From here on, it's up to you. If there's anything you'd like to ask me, just look me up. I'll be that happy-looking guy lying in the hammock, and my house is easy to spot because it's always humming like a beehive.



ANSWERS TO 'NEW WORDS FOR YOU' (Page 101)

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---|
| 1. diameter (die-am'a-ter) | g) Thickness; length of a straight line through center of an object. |
| 2. diathermy (die'a-thur-me) | b) Treatment which sends heat through an afflicted area of the body. |
| 3. dialogue (die'a-log) | h) Conversational element in a literary work; "talking across." |
| 4. diaphragm (die'a-fram) | f) Thin partition; membrane that separates the chest from the abdomen. |
| 5. diadem (die'a-dem) | i) Crown; an ornamental band worn across the head. |
| 6. diacritical (die-a-krit'a-kal) | c) Symbol used "across" a letter or syllable to indicate form or sound. |
| 7. diagram (die'a-gram) | k) Explanatory chart or graph; to mark across with lines. |
| 8. diaphanous (die-af'a-nus) | l) Transparent; "to show through"; translucent. |
| 9. diagonal (die-ag'o-nal) | a) Running across from corner to corner. |
| 10. dianoetic (die-a-no-et'ik) | j) Relating to reasoning; "to think through." |
| 11. diagnosis (die-ag-no'sis) | e) Recognition of disease through symptoms; critical scrutiny. |
| 12. diatribe (die'a-tribe) | d) Abusive criticism; "to rub through"; denunciation. |

All correct: superior; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair.

John Courtney Murray points out that Catholics make good U. S. citizens because they believe with the Founding Fathers of our republic that a natural law is written in the hearts of men

CITY OF GOD AND MAN

*Condensed from "Time"**

THE ALL-CONQUERING barbarians were storming the gates of Augustine's city when the saint died in 430. The North African town of Hippo was one of the last imperial outposts to be attacked. Rome had already gone under. Only four years before, St. Augustine's *City of God* had laid the theological groundwork for the Church to step into the void left by the collapsing Roman Empire. Ever since, Western civilization and the Christian enterprise have been joined together for better or worse; the Church has

moved and countermoved, advanced, backtracked, tottered, and triumphed before the contingencies of history. And the barbarian is seldom far from the city gates.

The barbarian is not necessarily known by his bearskin, his ax, or his H-bomb, nor does he always pound on his desk in a parliament of nations. He may be as urbane as the 18th-century philosophers who prepared the way for the guillotine and the tumbrels. Or, in one man's words: "He may wear a Brooks Brothers suit and carry a ball-point



Holmes



Bellarmino



Jefferson

*Time & Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York City 20. Dec. 12, 1960. © 1960 by Time, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

pen. In fact, even beneath the academic gown there may lurk a child of the wilderness, untutored in the high tradition of civility, who goes busily and happily about his work, a domesticated and law-abiding man, engaged in the construction of a philosophy to put an end to all philosophy.

"This is perennially the work of the barbarian, to undermine rational standards of judgment, to corrupt the inherited intuitive wisdom by which the people have always lived, and to do this not by spreading new beliefs but by creating a climate of doubt and bewilderment in which clarity about the larger aims of life is dimmed and the self-confidence of the people is destroyed."

In the considered view of the grave and learned man who wrote those words, that is precisely what is happening to the U.S. John Courtney Murray sees his native America entering a new era of "post-modern man" in a sorry state of ideological disarray that, unless repaired, must doom the best political skill and dedication. His lucid, well-modulated concern for the U. S. has long ago earned him eminence among the *cognoscenti* with time for learned journals and debate. Now in his first book, *We Hold These Truths**, he is entering a new, broader area of influence.

In the months to come, serious Americans of all sorts and conditions—in pin stripes and laboratory gowns,

*Sheed & Ward; \$5.

space suits and housecoats—will be discussing his hopes and fears for American democracy. This in itself betokens a new era in the U.S. For author Murray is a Roman Catholic priest and a Jesuit.

It did not take the 1960 election to establish—though it well served to recall—what a unique encounter of diverse traditions is contained in the words "American Catholic." In the historical reality behind those words, St. Ignatius Loyola, founder of John Courtney Murray's Order and soldier-saint, meets Citizen Tom Paine, soldier-freethinker. St. Thomas, the Angelic Doctor and patient builder of a great intellectual system, meets John Dewey, pragmatist and patient destroyer of systems. Monasticism, shielding a candle through the Dark Ages, meets the blaze of the Enlightenment. The Inquisition meets the Supreme Court, the apostolic succession meets the clapboard Congregationalist church, the Sacred Roman Rota meets Reno.

Perhaps in no other society in history could these elements have endured together without mob scenes, crowded prisons, and burning stakes. In the U. S.—a new kind of commonwealth in the long chronicle of church and state—they have not only endured in peace (by and large), but also they have greatly nourished their common society.

Not that they have understood or loved one another. A great many Americans still see their Catholic fellow citizens as vaguely alien and as

narrow-minded servants of an absolutist theology. Because their Church is vast, diverse, and all too easily regarded as "monolithic," American Catholics are often taxed with everything from Spanish Catholic intolerance to Italian Catholic cynicism, from Legion of Decency censorship to neo-Thomist philosophy.

Debating issues of church and state during the 1960 campaign, Catholics sometimes sounded defensive. Not so John Courtney Murray. His lifelong subject of study has been the interaction of America and Catholicism; some critics in his own faith have occasionally held him to be more American than Catholic.

Without representing an official position—and without running counter to it—he is now telling his fellow Catholics that they must become more intellectually aware of their "coexistence" in a pluralist, heavily Protestant society. But not even remotely is he trying to trim Catholicism to any other faith, or to the absence of faith.

In his view, Catholics can make a major contribution—perhaps the decisive contribution—to an American society in spiritual crisis. His terms may startle some non-Catholics. "The question is not," says Murray, "whether Catholicism is safe for democracy, but whether democracy is safe for Catholicism."

Most Americans, when they hear about conflicts between "church and state," think of certain concrete issues that reach the headlines. On

most of these, Father Murray has taken liberal and eloquent positions. Item: on government funds for parochial schools, he thinks simple justice demands it, but argues that Catholic pressure for it should be confined to argument and slow persuasion. Item: on censorship, he upholds the right of the Church to guide its own faithful and to convince others with its moral judgments, but by persuasion, not boycotts. There is danger, he suggests, in reading bad books, but also "great danger in not reading good books."

FATHER MURRAY is generally in favor of the U. S. version of church-state separation, established by the 1st Amendment and by the principle that government and church function in entirely separate spheres, one caring for the people's earthly well-being, the other endowed with the mission of guiding them toward salvation. This, he argues, is an ancient Christian principle, even if often broken by either church or state in less socially and juridically advanced times.

Writes Father Murray: "In 800 A.D., Leo III had a right to crown Charlemagne as Emperor of the Romans; but this was because it was 800 A.D.

"If there were to be a Christendom tomorrow—a Christian world government in a society whose every member was baptized—the Pope, for all the fullness of his apostolic authority, would not have the slightest

shadow of a right to 'crown' so much as a third-class postmaster."

But such matters of church and state are all part of a larger issue, as Father Murray sees it. That issue is the American public philosophy, which must provide a kind of spiritual charter by which all Americans can live together. It is "the constitutional consensus whereby the people acquires its identity as a people and the society is endowed with its vital form, its sense of purpose as a collectivity organized for action in history."

To him, the civic consensus is constructed neither of psychological rationalizations nor of economic interests nor of purely pragmatic working hypotheses. "It is an ensemble of substantive truths, a structure of basic knowledge, an order of elementary affirmations that reflect realities inherent in the order of existence."

Is there an American consensus? That there was one once is not in doubt. The Founding Fathers knew what they believed and what they wanted for their new Land of the Free, and they carried on their civil argument in terms they shared. What historian Clinton Rossiter calls the "noble aggregate of 'self-evident truths'"—as expressed in the Declaration of Independence and later in the Bill of Rights—essentially added up to liberty under limited government, guided by law and ultimately relying on God.

The builders of the republic knew

what they meant by liberty, by law, and by God; less obviously but just as importantly, they knew what they meant when they declared, "We hold these truths." They believed that ultimate, universal truth could be perceived by human reason. They also believed, in Murray's words, that "only a virtuous people can be free," that freedom can survive only if the people are "inwardly governed by the moral law."

If there is anything left of this consensus, thinks Father Murray, it is not the doing of U.S. philosophers, most of whom are positivists—whose strictly limited truths must be capable of scientific proof—or pragmatists—for whom truth is whatever works. Says Murray, "The American university long since bade a quiet good-by to the whole notion of an American consensus, as implying that there are truths that we hold in common, and a natural law that makes known to all of us the structure of the moral universe in such wise that all of us are bound by it in a common obedience."

When he talks to academic audiences about an American consensus or, as he sometimes calls it, "the public philosophy," Father Murray is usually greeted by a blank stare or emphatic denial that such a thing exists. "Sir," someone is sure to say, "you refer to 'these truths' as the product of reason; the question is, whose reason?" When Murray replies that it is not a question of whose reason but of right reason, the re-

joinder is: "But whose reason is right?"

Thus, to the question of whether an American consensus exists today, Father Murray feels that the No's have it. But, he says, ask if America needs a consensus and the Yea's have it.

Father Murray poses his question cogently: "Can we or can we not achieve a successful conduct of our national affairs, foreign and domestic, in the absence of a consensus that will set out purposes, furnish a standard of judgment on policies, and establish the proper conditions for political dialogue?"

ANTI-COMMUNISM is a poor substitute. If communism should vanish overnight, he says, Americans would still be faced with the world's disorder and the questions: What kind of order in the world do you want? What truths do you hold? The U.S., says Murray, needs "a new moral act of purpose" beyond the "small-souled purpose of mere survival."

Where is the act of purpose, the work of thought to come from? Even with the will to achieve it, deliberately acquiring a consensus may sound as absurd as deliberately deciding to fall in love. But for those about to embark regretfully on a dubious, consensusless future, Father Murray has a further word. "It just happens," he says in effect, "that I have here a device which any reasonably intelligent person may apply to lead him to the consensus, the public philoso-

phy." And with an urbane, engaging smile, out of his long black clericals he pops it: natural law.

The concept of a law of man's nature prior to the "positive" laws he enacts has meant many things to many thinkers. It is a pre-Christian notion, going back farther than Aristotle, and in the Christian era it is by no means exclusively Catholic. But it was St. Thomas Aquinas who shaped and polished the idea into one of the strongest and most subtle instruments of civilization.

There is an eternal law, he held, which is God's reason governing the interrelationship of all things. This eternal law has two divisions—divine positive law, accessible to man only through revelation, and natural law or moral law, directly accessible to man through his reason (which, according to the Thomist theory of analogy, bears some relationship to God's). Natural law governs man's relationship to God and fellow man.

The criteria of good and evil are to be found in man's nature; man is naturally a social being; therefore the good of society is man's good. Theft, for example, is wrong because it subverts the basis of social life, as does any private injury to another. When there is conflict between the satisfaction of two natural requirements, the rational (and, therefore, the lawful) course is to subordinate the lower to the higher. Thus self-preservation is good, but to refuse to risk one's life when the well-being of society demands it is wrong.

Elementary life situations confront even the child with the opportunity to reason out the good to be done and the evil avoided. For instance, says Father Murray, citing an example from St. Thomas, "To know the meaning of 'parent' and of 'disrespect' is to know a primary principle of the natural law, that disrespect to parents is evil, intrinsically and antecedent to any human prohibition."

As experience unfolds, more and more precepts are derived—the basis of marriage, property, the state, the nature of justice. As human relationships become increasingly complex, the factoring out of natural law eludes the unaided reason of the ordinary men. Such questions as the legitimate use of force, economic justice, the duties of employer and employee become the province of what St. Thomas called *sapientes* (the wise).

How does natural law apply to some of the larger practical issues of the day? An example is the use of force, which, says Father Murray, baffles Protestant morality. ("The Eastern seaboard liberal," he says, at once abhors and adores power, since in the matrix of American Protestant culture "power is unconsciously regarded as Satanic.")

Old-line Protestant ethics saw social morality as personal morality writ large, which led to such inappropriate questions as "How does one apply the Sermon on the Mount to foreign policy?" This failure to

understand the difference between public and private morality, argues Father Murray, leads to the disastrously false alternatives that often characterize U.S. foreign or military policy, e.g., sentimental pacifism or all-out atomic holocaust.

Father Murray believes that there is morally valid territory between these extremes, that war may be legitimate in the defensive repression of injustice, and that the concept of limited war has moral significance. In general, he says, Americans should learn from the natural-law tradition that "policy is the meeting place between the world of power and the world of morality."

What is the non-Catholic to make of natural law? The Founding Fathers certainly accepted the concept, in one form or another, much of it having reached them through the English common law out of the vast reservoir of Christian tradition. Murray thinks that the Bill of Rights was far less a "piece of 18th-century rationalist theory [than] the product of Christian history." In fact, to some it may seem that Father Murray at times regards the U.S. as having sprung directly from medieval Christianity—he calls St. Thomas "the First Whig"—with hardly any help from Protestantism or the Enlightenment.

But the main source of natural law to the early republic was of course John Locke, whose version of it was radically different from the Catholic view. Where the Catholic theory

sees society as equally given with the person, Locke regarded society merely as something for the convenience of the autonomous individual and not inherent in the nature of man.

Father Murray condemns Locke as too much of an individualist to have "any recognizable moral sense" of the rights of man: "There is simply a pattern of power relationships." Still, when pressed, Murray concedes that Locke's natural law is better than no natural law at all, and throughout much of U.S. history the concept appeared in the courts and in government.

What caused its decline is chiefly a combination of Protestant theology and modern rationalist philosophy. "The new rationalism," as Murray describes the thought of men like John Dewey and Bertrand Russell, sees man as autonomous, beneath no knowable God, with a conception of natural law as merely "the drive of the whole personality," the striving to "live ever more fully." Calling itself "modern evolutionary scientific humanism," it regards human values such as reason, justice, and charity as man-made, and human rights as dependent on man for their guarantee. In jurisprudence, it was Oliver Wendell Holmes who defined law as "the prophecies of what the courts will do in fact and nothing more pretentious." Said Holmes, "Jurists who believe in natural law seem to me to be in that naïve state of mind that accepts what has been familiar and accepted by them and their neigh-

bors as something that must be accepted by all men everywhere."

While Father Murray concedes that natural law has been used vaguely, naïvely and repressively, he sees far greater danger in the "subtle and seductive system" by which all ethics are considered relative.

Many Protestant theologians are critical of the formal rigidity of the natural-law theory; neither they nor the Jews find convincing the stock Biblical proof-text from St. Paul: "For when the Gentiles, who have not the law, do by nature those things that are of the law, these having not the law, are a law to themselves: who shew the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience bearing witness to them" (Romans 2:14,15).

Others, notably Karl Barth, reject the Thomist theory of analogy on which the natural law stands; in fallen man, they hold, sin has shattered God's image, and since the Garden of Eden he has had no direct knowledge of God's reason or his will without revelation.

Many Protestants distrust the whole Scholastic tradition, which they feel keeps man from direct contact with God by interposing an artificial structure of reason. But some Protestant theologians, while far from accepting the classical Catholic version, are ready to underwrite natural law in some form. Reinhold Niebuhr denies the existence of natural law but concedes "certain laws, certain norms and degrees of uni-

versality" (incest, for instance, is almost universally taboo).

Father Murray feels that only inside the Catholic community has natural law endured, therefore Catholic participation in the U.S. consensus has been "full and free, unreserved and unembarrassed, because the contents of this consensus—the ethical and political principles drawn from the tradition of natural law—approve themselves to the Catholic intelligence and conscience. Where this kind of language is talked, the Catholic joins the conversation with complete ease. It is his language. The ideas expressed are native to his own universe of discourse. Even the accent, being American, suits his tongue."

The 1960 election of a U.S. President from the Catholic community dramatizes this claim. And whether or not the Catholics have been the true custodians of the American consensus, as Murray would have it, there is no denying that a new era has begun for Catholics in America, a country that in itself represents a new era in the history of church and state.

THE IDEA that religion and government are different—let alone separate—is a relatively new one. Either the ancient kings were sacred, if not actually gods, or the high priests exercised kingship, as in Israel. Separation began with the concept of an official religion. (Plato recommended in his *Laws* that all citizens who re-

fused to accept the state religion should be imprisoned for five years, each day of which they should listen to a sermon.) Christianity became a state religion 347 years after the Crucifixion, when the Emperor Theodosius made it the religion of the Roman Empire.

Then began Europe's long up-and-down battle between Pope and emperor, with the emperor usually ending up on top. Monarchs customarily appointed bishops in the Middle Ages; when Pope Gregory VII told Emperor Henry IV to stop doing it and was refused, he excommunicated Henry, and had the warming pleasure of keeping the penitent emperor waiting barefoot in the snow at Canossa for three days before letting him in for forgiveness. But Gregory's fun was soon over. Henry exiled him in 1084, and the back-and-forth went on.

Basic Catholic doctrine on the ordering of society was laid down by Pope Gelasius I in a letter to the Byzantine Emperor Anastasius I in 494: "Two there are, august Emperor, by which this world is ruled on title of original and sovereign right—the consecrated authority of the priesthood and the royal power." This, says Father Murray, established a "freedom of the Church" in the spiritual sphere that served to limit the power of government on the one hand, and on the other brought the moral consensus of the people to bear upon the king.

But with the rise of the absolutist

monarchies in the 17th century, Gelasius' finely balanced dyarchy was shattered. Between Pope and king stood a saint who took 309 years to be canonized, Robert Francis Romulus Bellarmine (1542-1621), whose influence reached far beyond his lifetime. His was a time of upheaval; Galileo was turning the old earth-centered cosmos upside down, a new national consciousness was breaking up the Holy Roman Empire, and Protestantism was digging in throughout the world. As one of the greatest polemical theologians in his Church's history, Jesuit Cardinal Bellarmine was in the forefront of the struggle against the Protestants. But within Catholicism he was a transitional figure, facing the modern era with his feet firmly rooted in the Middle Ages. And, like many another human bridge, he was trampled on from both sides.

The temporal authority of the Pope was under challenge by Europe's new rulers, and Cardinal Bellarmine earned the enmity of ecclesiastical conservatives (notably Pope Sixtus V) by maintaining that papal jurisdiction over heads of state was only indirect and spiritual—the position generally accepted today. On the other hand, in opposition to the Scottish jurist Barclay, he denied the divine right of kings, for which one of his books, *De potestate papae*, was publicly burned by the *Parlement* of Paris.

In the long run, it was the supporters of state power who won out

against the champions of Church power. In the words of Father Murray, the Gelasian principle of "two there are" became "one there is"—one increasingly powerful state. From absolutist monarchy, Murray sees a straight line of development to modern "totalitarian democracy" via the French Revolution's Jacobin republic, which put the civil government in almost complete control of Church affairs. To this day, French separation of church and state makes Thomas Jefferson's famous "wall" look like a split-rail fence.

But America was a different kind of revolution. In some ways, as Father Murray puts it, it was not a revolution but a conservation, in that it revived the old freedom of the church. After the colonial phase of religious fanaticism—of setting up state churches and exiling heretics—the early Americans seemed more interested, with the 1st Amendment, in providing for the freedom rather than the restriction of religion.

Catholics knew that a new era had begun when in 1783 the Vatican asked the Continental Congress for permission to establish a U.S. bishopric and was told that, since the matter was purely spiritual, Congress had no jurisdiction. For the first time in centuries, the Catholic Church was free to work and witness as it saw fit, without special privileges but also without requiring a whole chain of consent from secular government.

American pluralist society was a

new kind of commonwealth: a nation under God but forcing no one to worship in a particular manner, not because religion was considered unimportant or merely a private affair, but because it was thought that God is best honored by free men. As Roger Williams wrote, "There goes many a ship to sea, with many hundred souls in one ship, Papists and Protestants, Jews, and Turks. I affirm that all the liberty of conscience, that ever I pleaded for, turns upon these two hinges—that none of the Papists, Protestants, Jews, or Turks, be forced to come to the ship's prayers or worship, nor compelled from their own particular prayers or worship, if they practice any."

While the Catholic ideal was—and is—a ship of state in which all acknowledge the One True Church, U.S. Catholics soon realized that the unique U.S. situation gave them unprecedented freedom to grow. In 1884 the Roman Catholic 3rd Plenary Council of Baltimore declared: "We consider the establishment of our country's independence, the

shaping of its liberties and laws, as a work of special Providence, its framers 'building better than they knew,' the Almighty's hand guiding them."

Under the freedom and protection of the 1st Amendment, the Catholic Church has flourished in America. The statistics are impressive: the Catholic population increased from 1,767,841 in 1850 to 40,871,302 in 1960, four times faster than the American population as a whole. But the new situation of Catholics in the U.S. is much more than figures. The Church of 50 years ago was largely a Church of immigrants, whose concern was to protect and build their minority religion in a Protestant land while showing their fellow Americans what all-out patriots they were. Today, an increasing number of well-educated and theologically sophisticated young Catholics are beginning to take part in what Father Murray calls "building the city"—contributing both to the civic machinery and the need for consensus beneath it.

IN CATHOLIC DIGEST NEXT MONTH

- The Easter bunny really belongs to Easter, says Ade Bethune in an article from *Friar*.
- Africa is in uproar because tribal life won't fit within national borders, a Milwaukee *Journal* staff writer finds.
- The primary questions in education should be "What is Truth?" "What is the Will of God?" says Hugh MacLennan in *The Classical Tradition in Education*. Condensed from *Horizon*.



?

Non-Catholics are invited to send in questions about the Church. Write us, and we will have your question answered. If yours is the one selected to be answered publicly in *The Catholic Digest*, you and a person of your choice will each receive a ten-year subscription to this magazine. Write to *The Catholic Digest*, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.

What would you like to know about the Church?

THE LETTER:

To the Editor: My question does not deal with Catholic theology as such. It concerns the practical application of what I believe to be Christian teaching. Because prejudice is a major factor in American life, integration of certain minority groups is a controversial subject.

One frequently hears or reads about "the Catholic Church's position on segregation" or "the Catholic Church's stand for desegregation of the Southern churches." But these are only passing references.

I have not found anyone able to elaborate or clarify what the Church's actual position is. Even my Negro friends are familiar only with the *fact* that the Catholic Church has taken a more positive stand against segregation than other segments of Christianity. What I want is a clear, factual, informative explanation of the Church's stand on segregation, especially in statements quoted from outstanding Church officials.

George Stenger.

THE ANSWER:

By J. D. CONWAY

In the space allowed me, George, I can give you only a few of the quotations I would like to present on this tense and timely subject. There is a little book which gives hun-

dreds of them: *The Challenge of Interracial Justice*, by Msgr. Daniel M. Cantwell (Divine Word Publications, Techny, Ill.). I have lifted many of my quotations from it. And I

might just take up my entire answer by quoting for you the statement of the Catholic bishops of the U.S. formally issued at their meeting in Washington, D.C., on Nov. 13, 1958.

One of the clearest and most complete statements I know is found in *An Elementary Catholic Catechism on the Morality of Segregation and Racial Discrimination*, issued by Bishop Fletcher of Little Rock for use in teaching the people of his diocese the basic truths of this agitated subject. It is privately printed and would probably have to be obtained from the bishop's office.

I am not trying to give you a bibliography on this subject, but anyone wanting to know the Catholic position should consult two books by Father John LaFarge, S.J., who has been our guiding light in this area for many years: *The Race Question and the Negro* and *The Catholic Viewpoint on Race Relations*.

It is helpful to keep in mind, too, that we have about 45 Catholic interracial organizations in the country, working to promote understanding, justice, and charity in this troubled area of society. Several of them have publications which set forth Catholic teachings and attitudes. The one I know best is *Community*, published by Friendship House in Chicago.

To get some system in my quotations I will group them under a few of the basic principles which they illustrate:

1. There is no room for racism in real Christianity. We believe that all men are created by God, are destined to adoption as his children, and are invited to the same intimate eternal union with Him in heaven. All of God's human children are equal in nature; each one has a spiritual soul, and the soul has no color; each one has received from his Creator the same natural rights as all others.

There is an essential unity of nature among all men; size, complexion, variations of bone structure and facial divergencies are all incidental to this intrinsic unity. Anthropologists may find it useful to classify men into ethnic groups on the basis of these incidental differences, but as far as Catholic doctrine is concerned there is no such thing as race; so any discrimination based on it is unreal and consequently unjust.

"Then only will it be possible to unite all in harmonious striving for common good, when all sections of society have the intimate conviction that they are members of a single family and children of the same heavenly Father" (Pope Pius XI, in *Quadragesimo Anno*, 1931).

"As God's sun shines on all that bear human countenance, so does his law know no privileges or exceptions. Only superficial minds can lapse into the heresy of trying to confine God, the Creator of the world, within the boundaries of a single people, within the blood stream of a single race" (Pope Pius XI, condemn-

ing nazi racism, *Mit Brennender Sorge*, 1937).

"The first of the pernicious errors, widespread today, is the forgetfulness of that law of human solidarity and charity which is dictated and imposed by our common origin and by the equality of rational nature in all men, to whatever people they belong" (Pope Pius XII, in *Summi Pontificatus*, 1939).

"What colossal arrogance is involved and what infantile process of thought in the supposition that there are greater or lesser races among the children of Adam. The race of which it is our duty to be conscious is the entire human race" (Cardinal Cushing, address in Boston, 1948).

"It is the teaching of Holy Mother Church that every human being, regardless of race, color, or nationality, is created after the image and likeness of God [and] is entitled to individual respect and consideration" (Archbishop Rummel of New Orleans in a letter to the people of Jesuit Bend, La., who had refused to accept a Negro priest).

Osservatore Romano, the Vatican City paper, in a front-page editorial praised the archbishop for his firm stand.

"God created Adam and as from a common father all men came from Adam. The enlightened citizen must understand that he is a brother to the tribesman in deepest Africa" (Cardinal Stritch, sermon, New Orleans, 1950).

"God created men, and the entire

human race comes from the same parents with equal rights" (Cardinal Cicognani, 1947).

"As a nation we began by declaring that all men are created equal. We now practically read it: all men are created equal except colored men" (Cardinal Spellman, quoting Abraham Lincoln, Harlem, 1951). The cardinal adds that our colored citizens, "like all Americans, must be free to exercise the rights given them in our Constitution."

Earlier, in 1949, Cardinal Spellman had stated: "The Church repudiates, as abhorrent to her very nature, the pernicious doctrine that men are born with the stamp upon them of essential racial superiority or inferiority. She recognizes no master race."

Among the six principal causes of segregation in Arkansas Bishop Fletcher in his catechism cites "the false philosophy generally accepted that the Negro race is naturally inferior to the white race." And to the question, "What is the Church's stand on racism?" the bishop answers: "The Church condemns racism as contrary to its teachings that all men are inherently and naturally equal, and have the same dignity as children of God."

"To believe that one race or nation is superior to another in the Church, or before God, is heresy and should be condemned" (Bishop Waters of Raleigh, N. Car., pastoral, 1951).

Father John LaFarge, S.J., sums

it up by stating that "race" is a myth and "cannot serve as a practical basis for any type of human relationships" (*The Race Question and the Negro*).

2. All men are redeemed by Jesus Christ, called to be his brothers in the vital union of grace. Brotherhood in Christ ignores all racial barriers.

"Men may be separated by nationality and race, but our Saviour poured out his blood to reconcile all men to God through the cross and bid them unite in one Body" (Pope Pius XII, *Mystici Corporis*, 1943).

"To the question 'who is my neighbor' the Catholic Church makes answer: 'All men without distinction or exception'" (Bishop Fitzmaurice of Wilmington, pastoral, 1954).

"There is neither Greek nor barbarian, neither Jew nor Gentile, neither white nor Negro; we are all brothers under the skin, brothers to one another and to one Elder Brother who lived and died for all of us" (Msgr. John M. Cooper in *Inter-racial Review*, June, 1949).

My old theology book, well-worn from seminary days, tells me that it is a matter of Catholic faith, defined by the Council of Trent, that Jesus died for all men. The Apostle St. John tells us that Jesus is a propitiation for our sins and "those of the whole world" (1 John 2,2). And St. Paul agrees that God our Saviour "wishes all men to be saved; gave

himself a ransom for all" (1 Timothy 2, 4,6).

3. The Catholic Church insists upon strict justice as the basic relationship of man to man. The Golden Rule must rule. We must treat each man as we would want to be treated if we were in his place—and no chiseling or rationalizing!

"All men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights. These rights are conferred by God with equal bounty upon every human being. Therefore, in obedience to the Creator's will, each of us is bound to respect the rights of his fellow men. This is the essential meaning of justice" (Pastoral letter of U. S. bishops, 1884).

"It is impossible for any good Catholic not to be on the side and in the forefront in the struggle for interracial justice, for all men are brothers" (Cardinal Spellman, 1951).

I am still tempted simply to give you in full the statement of our bishops in 1958. Here are some pertinent excerpts: "Our nation now stands divided by the problem of compulsory segregation of the races and the opposing demand for racial justice. No region of our land is immune from strife and division resulting from this problem. In one area, the key issue may concern the schools. In another it may be conflict over housing. Job discrimination may be the focal point in still other sectors.

"But all these issues have one point in common. They reflect the determination of our Negro people, and we hope the overwhelming majority of our white citizens, to see that our colored citizens obtain their full rights as given to them by God, the Creator of all, and guaranteed by the democratic traditions of our nation.

"The heart of the race question is moral and religious. It concerns the rights of man and our attitude toward our fellow man. If our attitude is governed by the great Christian law of love of neighbor and respect for his rights, then we can work out harmoniously the techniques for making legal, educational, economic, and social adjustments. But if our hearts are poisoned by hatred, or even by indifference toward the welfare and rights of our fellowmen, then our nation faces a grave internal crisis.

"It is unreasonable and injurious to the rights of others that a factor such as race, by and of itself, should be made a cause of discrimination and a basis for unequal treatment."

4. There is another phase of justice which enters prominently into our racial problems. It is the relationship of the state, or government, to its citizens. It is called distributive justice, and it requires that the benefits of citizenship be distributed equally, equitably, and without discrimination against any group.

"A multiracial society can exist

only where the different groups are permitted to live together in harmony, to cooperate in schemes for the common good, and to share the same political, social, educational, professional, and cultural facilities. Then, and only then can there be common interests and national unity.

"Nothing short of this concept of a multiracial society will have the approval of the Catholic Church" (Pastoral, Bishops of Northern Rhodesia, 1958).

"The natural rights of the Negro are identical in number and sacredness with the rights of white persons" (Msgr. Francis J. Gilligan, S.T.D.).

"We owe it to our Negro fellow citizens to see that they have in fact the rights which are given them in our Constitution. This means not only political equality, but also fair economic and educational opportunities, a just share in public-welfare projects, good housing without exploitation, and a full chance for the social advancement of their race" (U. S. bishops, 1943).

"In the field of morality and particularly in the field of social justice and social charity Catholics should lead, not follow. Certain un-Christian attitudes have been tolerated by moral theologians 'for the time being.' The day of racial injustice has passed. The day of Christlike charity has arrived" (Archbishop Lucey of San Antonio, pastoral, 1954).

"A society based upon injustice has the seeds of its own dissolution

within itself" (Cardinal Meyer of Chicago, pastoral, 1959).

5. Charity must enliven justice. It is not enough to treat our neighbor fairly; we must really love him as a brother, as we love ourselves. If we don't, let's face it, we are not truly Christian.

Jesus himself taught us the meaning of love and brotherhood. Meditation on the words of the Master will show us that He prohibits discrimination among his brethren. His 2nd Commandment is: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." And in his story of the good Samaritan He makes it clear that "neighbor" is not restricted to race or nationality.

Pope Pius XII answered the ques-

tion: "Who is my neighbor?" by saying, "The neighbor is every man, the Negro of Central Africa or the Indian in the forests of the Amazon" (Quoted by Archbishop Rummel).

"By this will all men know that you are my disciples, if you have love for one another" (John 13, 35). Surely no race hater can fit this norm of recognition. "That all may be one, even as Thou, Father, in Me and I in Thee" (John 13, 35).

"As long as you did it for one of these, the least of my brethren, you did it for Me." Anyone who reads this from St. Matthew's Gospel cannot escape the evident conclusion that when we segregate Negroes we segregate Christ, and will end up on his left hand at the Judgment.

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St. John makes pertinent comment on these words of Christ. "If anyone says, 'I love God,' and hates his brother, he is a liar. For how can he who does not love his brother whom he sees, love God, whom he does not see?" (1 John 4, 21).

Pope Pius XI furthers the Lord's requirement of love in his encyclical on the priesthood. "That commandment enjoins a love which extends to all, knows no barriers nor national boundaries, excludes no race."

"The law of charity is the foundation of Christianity, and this law must reach out not only to individuals but to all nations, all races, and all classes." (Bishop Griffin of Springfield, Ill., letter, 1940).

6. Prejudice is a fertile source of sin: it quickly leads to rash judgment, varied injustice, and serious defects of charity. In advanced stages it leads to plain hate. We have a moral obligation to get rid of it.

"It is only too well known, alas, to what excesses pride of race and racial hatred can lead" (Pope Pius XII, 1945).

"There remains no other way to salvation" than that of repudiating definitely the pride of race and blood (Pope Pius XII, 1958).

"In the U. S. the struggle against inhuman and barbarous prejudice must be aided by all citizens" (*Osservatore Romano*, 1955).

"Northern prejudice is based more on ignorance than it is on a conscious, premeditated policy.

"Southern prejudice is not based so much on ignorance as on a deep, conscious, and deliberate dogma that all Negroes are inferior to all whites" (Father Joseph H. Fichter, S.J.).

"The prejudices, discriminations, and artificial conventions from which the Negro suffers are all based upon ignorance, ignorance of the moral law, ignorance of the principles of Christianity, ignorance of the fundamental facts of the whole situation" (Msgr. John A. Ryan, 1943).

Bishop Fletcher in his catechism says that racial prejudice is one of the principal causes of unjust racial discrimination. He calls the habit of racial prejudice a vice, which "is a habit inclining to moral evil." It becomes a sin when we "consent to 1. feelings of racial prejudice or hatred, or 2. deliberate thoughts, desires, words, actions, or omissions which the vice of prejudice inspires." It can be either a mortal or venial sin. And a person is obliged to strive to overcome inclinations to racial prejudice. Its remedy is "the practice of racial justice and charity, both interiorly and exteriorly."

7. Segregation and various other forms of racial discrimination are uncharitable, unjust, unreasonable, and patently sinful.

"Can enforced segregation be reconciled with the Christian view of our fellow man? In our judgment it cannot, and this for two fundamental reasons:

"Legal segregation, or any form of

compulsory segregation, in itself and by its very nature imposes a stigma of inferiority upon the segregated people.

"It is a matter of historical fact that segregation in our country has led to oppressive conditions and the denial of basic human rights to the Negro. This is evident in the fundamental fields of education, job opportunity, and housing" (U. S. bishops, 1958).

"The Church has always been energetically opposed to practices arising from what is called the color bar" (Pope Pius XII).

Archbishop Rummel of New Orleans, in a pastoral letter in 1956, condemned racial segregation as "morally wrong and sinful because it is a denial of the unity and solidarity of the human race and of the unity and universality of the Redemption and because it is basically a violation of the dictates of justice and the mandate of love, which in obedience to God's will must regulate the relations between all men."

Bishop Fletcher's catechism states flatly: "Segregation as we know it in Arkansas is immoral."

"When a Catholic fails to take a stand against racial intolerance or prejudice he is a slacker in the army of the Church militant" (Cardinal Cushing).

I could go on, George, and give you quotations on various types of discrimination: housing (Cardinal Meyer of Chicago made a memorable statement on this in November, 1959); on civil-rights legislation; fair-employment practice; sit-in protests; segregated hospitals, churches, and public facilities—various critical phases of the current social unrest. But in the words of Bishop Waters, "It is our duty as Christians not only to love Negroes but to serve them, to help them. We need to help them to get better educational facilities, better opportunities for culture, better living conditions, better homes and families, better civic representation, and better friendliness in the community."

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